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Vol. CXC No. 2476 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 19 1947

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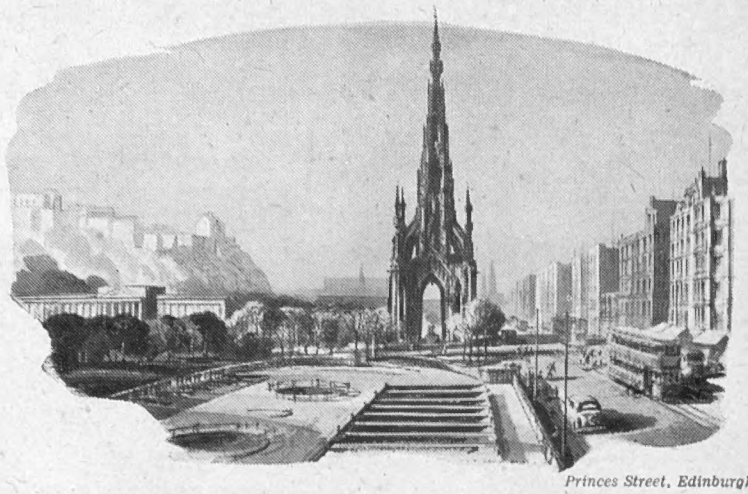

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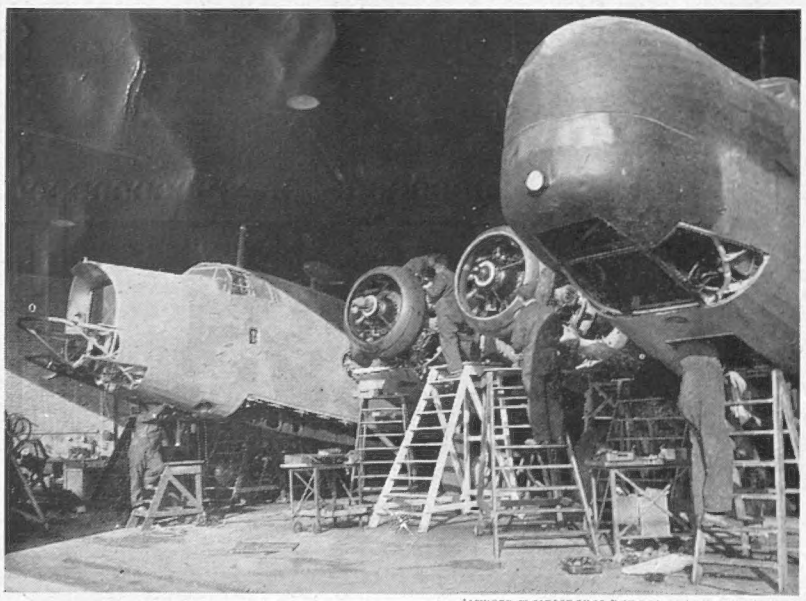

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Volume CXC No. 2476 The SPHERE, London, July 19, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH, HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE, AND LIEUTENANT PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN RESPOND FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY TO THE GREETINGS OF THE CROWD : This picture was taken just after nine o'clock on the evening after the announcement of their engagement. The King and Queen and Princess Margaret are seen standing just within the doorway after they themselves had withdrawn from the balcony

After a week of rumours and denials it was announced in the early hours of July 10, in a typewritten addition to the Court Circular, that "It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their dearly beloved daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., son of the late Prince Andrew of Greece and Princess Andrew (Princess Alice of Battenberg), to which union the King has gladly given his consent." Throughout July 10, when the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten appeared together at a Buckingham Palace garden-party, great crowds thronged round the Palace, and in the evening there were repeated calls for the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten to appear on the balcony. At 9.20 p.m. they duly appeared, the Princess in a white evening gown and Lieutenant Mountbatten in a dinner jacket with a red carnation. For a few minutes they were alone, and afterwards they were joined by the King and Queen and Princess Margaret. Elsewhere in this issue will be found further pictures relating to the Royal betrothal and to the Buckingham Palace garden-party

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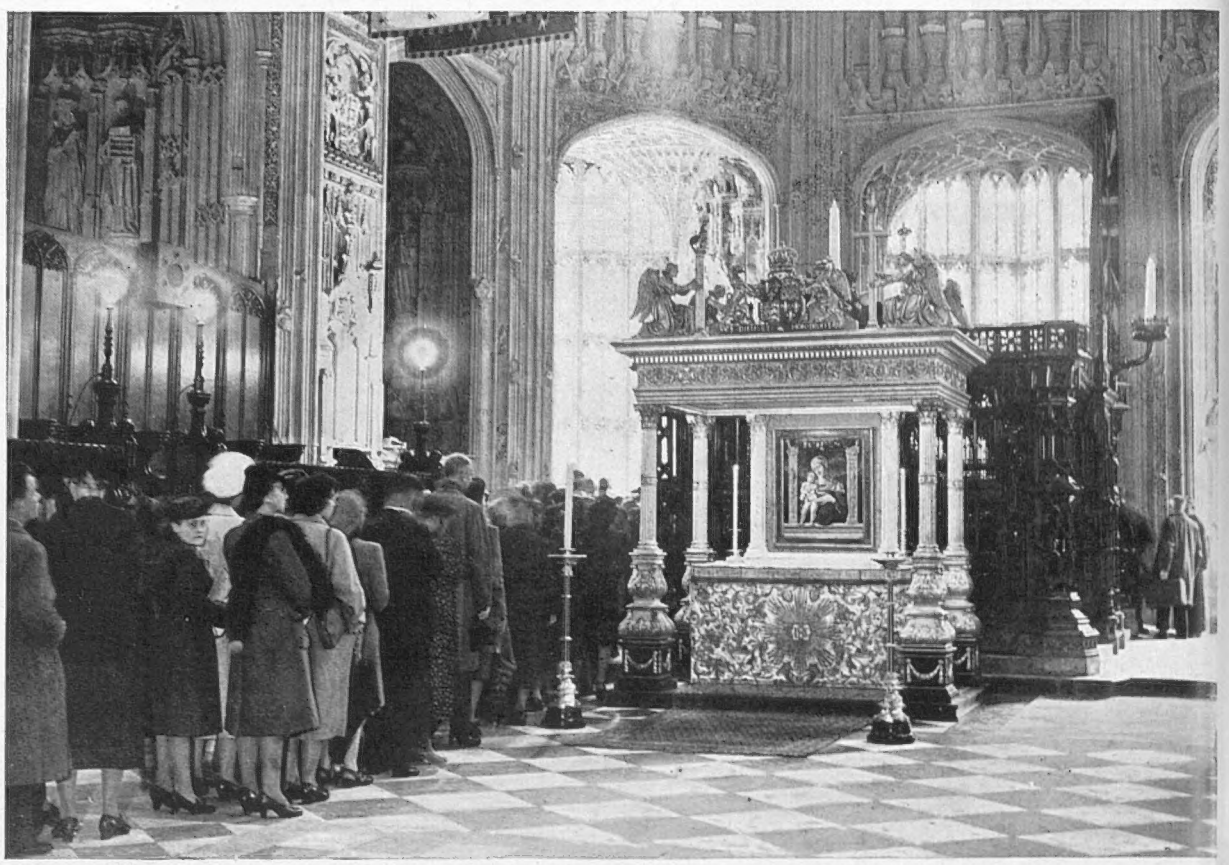
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Princess Elizabeth.—It is seldom that a weekly journalist can be "first with the news," or among the first. But he keeps a continuous record of passing history, and perhaps he is read less swiftly and more widely than his "daily" brother. Inclination, no less than the duty of a recording angel, commands me to "let my readers know" that the announcement, which exuberant Pressmen and gossips have often long since anticipated, fell on July 10 on a nation united and unanimous as it seldom is nowadays on matters of public interest. (But for many decades Britain and the Empire have made this exception in what concerns the Monarchy.) Princess Elizabeth is engaged to the man of her choice, and the whole British Commonwealth has rejoiced. She has won the Empire's love and respect "off her own bat." A wise scheme of education planned by the King and Queen gave full play to her natural qualities, which have been allowed to develop to the best advantage. She stands before us to-day the prototype of what is perhaps the finest, and certainly the most charming, product of Western civilisation—a well-educated, unspoilt English girl with a matchless dignity, a noble sense of duty and responsibility, a sense of fun, a rare sympathy, a vivid interest in humanity, perfect manners (which can derive only from true sympathy), a love of sport, of country life and the country scene, and, above all, a devotion, which is a dedication of her life, to the service of the nation and Commonwealth. And if a single proof were called for to show that she has won her present place in our hearts "off her own bat," I should be inclined to cite her broadcast from South Africa on her twenty-first birthday. For that was Princess Elizabeth speaking from her own heart. We wish her well, we wish her every blessing which a devoted parent would wish his beloved daughter. There is nothing more we *can* wish her—unless perhaps it be one small alleviation of that which ordinary girls are spared—too much and too searching publicity.

Lieut. Mountbatten.—And our good wishes extend to the man she has chosen. Queen Anne married for love; so did Queen Victoria. Yet the position of the Consort of an English Queen has not yet proved a bed of roses. Prince George possessed good qualities, but was not much regarded. The Prince Consort's life was made miserable time and again by prejudice and suspicion, and his great virtues were recognised generally only after he had killed himself in the service of an ungrateful country. All that is past. The nation is no longer so gorged on beef and beer as to "damn all foreigners," damn all authority and make itself aggressive as a hobby. The man who has won Princess Elizabeth's heart should be a man after our own hearts. He has been educated in the English way, served this country in war, and been tested and not found wanting. Better still, we may hope that he will have grown old in the service of this nation and found a permanent niche in our hearts before being called on to fill the position of Prince Consort. Last week the public had two or three excellent opportunities for informal "close-ups" of the happy pair. Of those opportunities they made the fullest use. The "observed of all observers" (as was right) stole all the limelight from the notables at Buckingham Palace and, for two hours, from the cricketers at Lord's; and all which the public saw of the Princess and of her fiancé satisfied them of the rightness of her choice.

Food or "Flicks"?—A Socialist M.P. interested in the film industry declared that even if Mr. Dalton "stopped all American films, the saving would give us just one packet of dried eggs more per fortnight." It 's wonderful how they work things out so accurately—to their own satisfaction—these statisticians! Yet I fancy our benefits would be larger Other "figures" have revealed that the film-going population—a majority—visits the cinema as often as *four times a week per head*. I think also our children would gain more than an egg or two in their bellies if this Government of ours woke up to a sense of a first responsibility of their trust—to give a lead in re-educating our youth and training it for useful citizenship. It could make no better beginning than by banning half the American films now imported, for showing to juveniles. What a sigh of relief we should heave if before the summer recess our Government gave us some evidence that it accepted responsibility for "governing" as opposed to pestering the responsible and indulging the irresponsible citizen. If, for example, it joined with the Coal Board and the T.U. and dismissed the ringleaders of unofficial strikes and boldly accepted the consequences; and cut out the shoddy and drivel and bad influence which we import from America with precious dollars—and boldly met the trivial whines. In short, if instead of *considering* stronger measures, it *took* them.



PILGRIMAGE TO THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL CHAPEL—LONDONERS FLOCK TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO PAY TRIBUTE TO "THE FEW" AFTER THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES HAD ATTENDED THE DEDICATION CEREMONY: A view of the crowd in the Henry VII Chapel waiting to enter the smaller chapel at the east end of the Abbey. The principal part of the memorial is the stained-glass window by Hugh Easton, details of which will be found on page 90 of this issue, also the Roll of Honour giving the names of those who lost their live-

Ups and Downs.—Only the other day the pessimists were throwing up their hats over British "decadence" in sport. It was *brevè gaudium*. We have soon "shewn the rogues they lied," at Henley and on the cricket field, and indeed elsewhere. And this is for comfort and proportion in the bigger field. There is too much talk of our national loss of prestige, of our being henceforth a "second-class Power." If wealth and possessions made men or nations first-class, reason would that we should accept even third-class status. But not even in our most vulgar eras of showmanship have rich men been accepted as great men, or money accepted as a substitute for character—except by zanies and toadies. And what is true of men is true of nations. We were bled pretty white when we set Europe an example or saved freedom for the world in the past chapters of history, and it seems likely that we may yet do our full part in these great matters once more, and soon, when we are among the poorest of the nations of Europe If we have an urgent cause for anxiety to-day, it is that we should so deal with *ourselves* that our national character for honesty, industry and decency should become and remain worthy of our unaltered status as a first-class Power and first-rate influence.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR: Mrs. S. Moon, of Wanstead, Essex, grandmother of Maurice David Green, a Battle of Britain pilot who lost his life, and Mrs. Macdonald, the pilot's sister, looking at the Book of Remembrance which stands upon a lectern in the Battle of Britain Chapel. On each day of the year a new page will be turned. At last week's dedication ceremony special places were reserved for 2,500 relatives of the fallen

Links With the Past.—This is a famous "Silly Season" topic. The other day we heard of a living man whose father fought at Waterloo. I recently cited a lady, lately dead, whose father was born in the eighteenth century. Now we hear of the death of Mrs. Fisher-Unwin, Cobden's daughter—143 years after her father's birth. All these are good "links." The "Silly Season" approaches and requires that I should beat them. And here is something from a correspondent (R. V. S.) which appears to fill the bill: "On going through some family papers recently I discovered that it was more than probable that an ancestor of mine spoke both to Elizabethans living in the sixteenth century and to persons living in the nineteenth century. He was born in 1645, and at his death on July 12, 1729, aged eighty-four, there were living with him two grandsons, born in 1722 and 1728. The latter died in 1801 and 1815 respectively. The one who died in 1801 was grandfather of the Rev. Richard Shillito, sometime Fellow of Peterhouse, who was my grandfather. It seemed a remarkable fact that one person could converse with persons extending over four centuries."

Not So Bad a Summer.—We have almost "seen the season through"—not in Kipling's but in the pre-war Edwardian sense, and by and large we have nothing on the weather. I can hardly recall a single wash-out or disaster; and indeed, there were very few fixtures which did not pass off under ideal, good, or at least fair, conditions. And that goes for three Garden Parties in the Palace grounds, for the Fourth at Eton, for the Derby and Ascot, for the Test matches to date, for Wimbledon, and for a whole lot of minor and country junketings. It has been horribly cool of late, and cloudy, but in spite of that, we squeaked through. We deserved it, no doubt, after last year's depressions, but we ought to remember the summer of 1947 as, on the whole, kind and merciful and consoling.

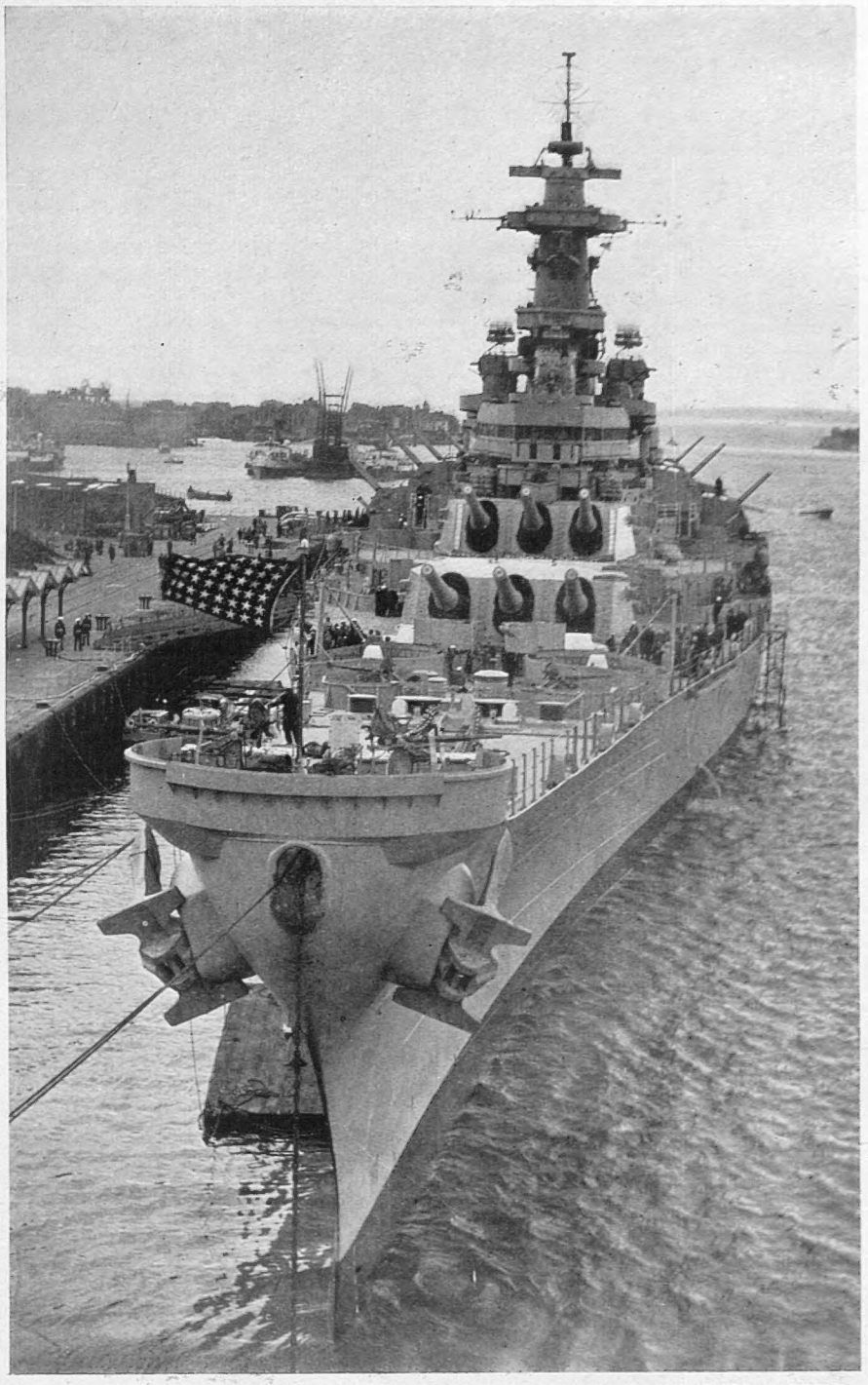
THE OLD STAGER

THE U.S. TRAINING SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH

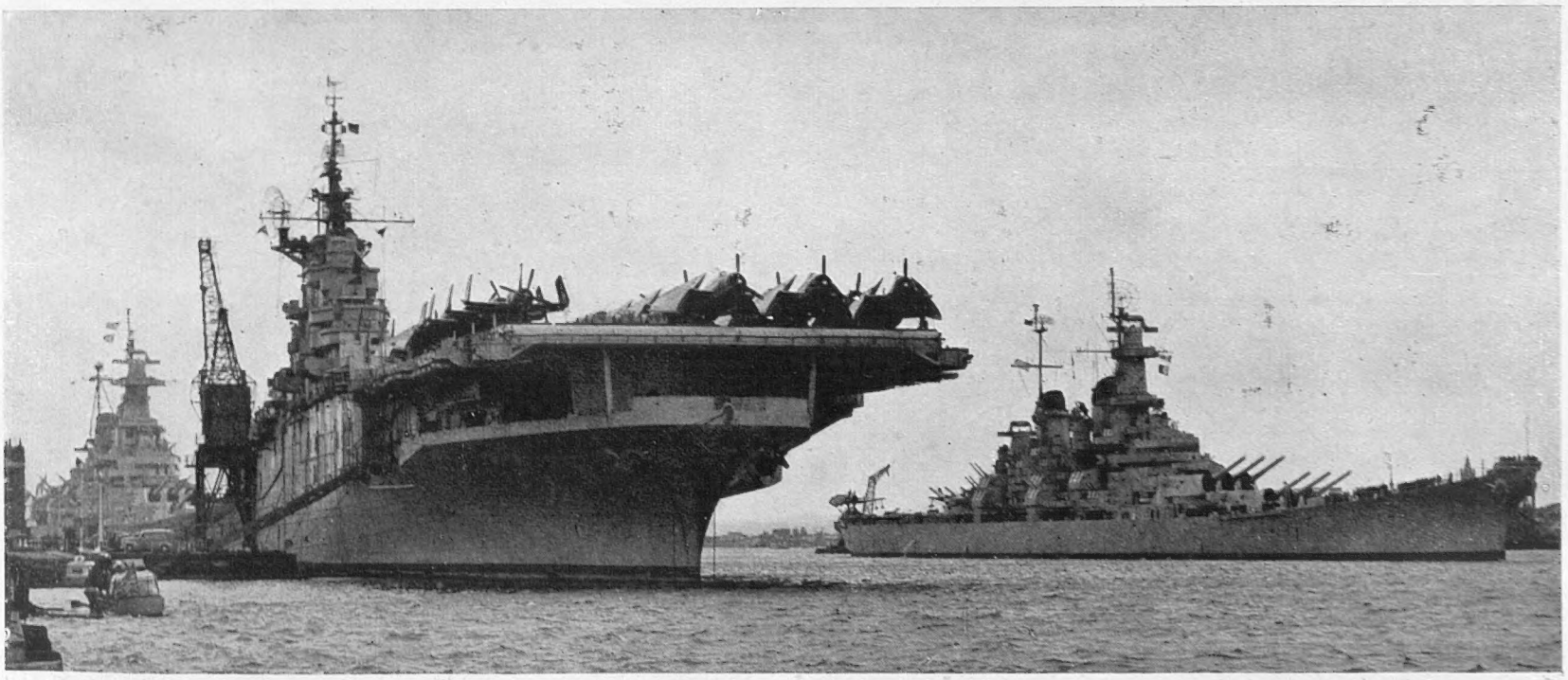
Admiral Conolly Arrives with Two Battleships and an Aircraft-Carrier

MRS. LEWIS DOUGLAS ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP "NEW JERSEY": The wife of the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's links fingers with Admiral Richard Conolly, senior United States Flag Officer, and Admiral Lord Fraser, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. They had just attended a luncheon given in his flagship by Admiral Conolly

SHORE LEAVE FOR THE MIDSHIPMEN: Some of the 2,000 young officers training with the United States Fleet in European waters coming ashore from the 45,000-ton battleship "New Jersey" after docking



THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "NEW JERSEY" TIES UP IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: The flagship of the United States Training Squadron in European waters seen after she had been manœuvred in on the high tide. With her came the 27,000-ton aircraft-carrier "Randolph" and the battleship "Wisconsin." The "New Jersey" and "Wisconsin," which are sister-ships, each cost 100,000,000 dollars to build



AMERICAN ARMED MIGHT—THE UNITED STATES CARRIER "RANDOLPH," THE BATTLESHIP "NEW JERSEY" AND THE BATTLESHIP "WISCONSIN" (RIGHT) ANCHORED TOGETHER IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: The battleships are the largest vessels ever to enter the dockyard. Their courtesy call was due to finish yesterday (July 18)

Last week Portsmouth welcomed two 45,000-ton battleships, the *New Jersey* and the *Wisconsin*, and the 27,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Randolph*, all of them veterans of the war, but all comparatively new ships. In the United States Midshipmen's Training Squadron there are just over 2,000 midshipmen, also ten lieutenants of the United States Army, West Pointers, specially chosen for the cruise. Admiral R. L. Conolly gave a luncheon aboard the *New Jersey* which was attended by the American Ambassador and Mrs. Lewis Douglas, and by Admiral Lord Fraser of the North Cape. On the following day the First Lord of the Admiralty, Viscount Hall, held a reception at Admiralty House, Whitehall, in honour of Admiral Conolly and his officers. Meanwhile the ratings from the American ships have been lavishly entertained at Portsmouth and Gosport

IN THE ROYAL BOX AT LORD'S—THE VISIT TO THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH : The Queen and Princess Elizabeth are seen towards the left in conversation with Mrs. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's sister-in-law. Lieut. Philip Mountbatten is just behind the Queen, the King is in conversation with Mr. W. W. Hill-Wood, member of a celebrated Etonian family, and Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the American Ambassador, is talking to Princess Margaret. On the right is Major Hugh Wyld

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT

The Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten at Lord's and Ascot ; The Princesses and the Guides

THE PRINCESSES IN THE MALL : Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret taking the salute at a march-past of members attending the Scout and Guide International Festival. Princess Elizabeth wore for the first time the uniform of Chief Ranger of the Empire. She was congratulated on her engagement by Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide, on behalf of the entire movement

A VISIT TO THE PADDOCK AT ASCOT : The Duchess of Norfolk with Princess Elizabeth, Lieut. Mountbatten and Princess Margaret during last Saturday's meeting, when they witnessed the race for the Princess Margaret Stakes. This was one of several appearances by the newly-betrothed couple during the week-end after the announcement and before leaving for Scotland

The ROYAL VISIT to EDINBURGH

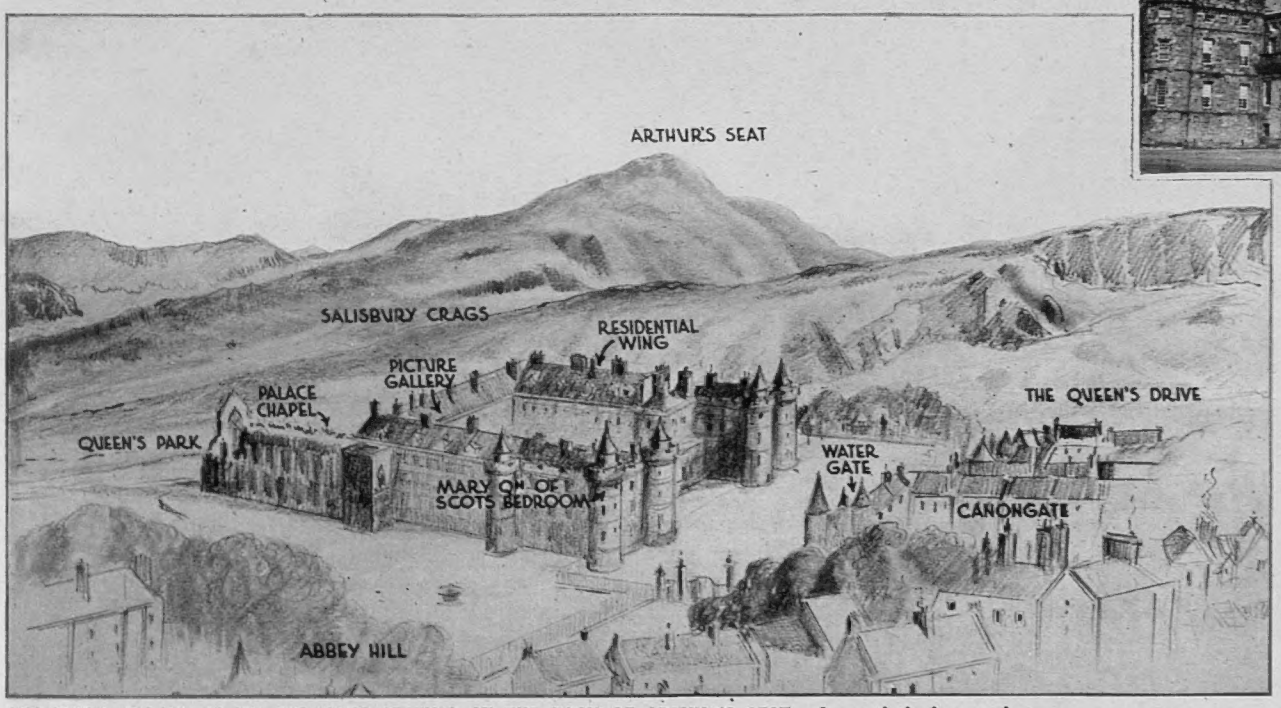
The Scottish Capital, Where the King and Queen and the Princesses are Spending Five Days

LOOKING FROM THE CASTLE ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL: A view of the city showing Princes Street in the middle distance and in the far distance the waters of the Firth of Forth. The Royal visit to Edinburgh began on July 14, and on July 16 Princess Elizabeth received the freedom

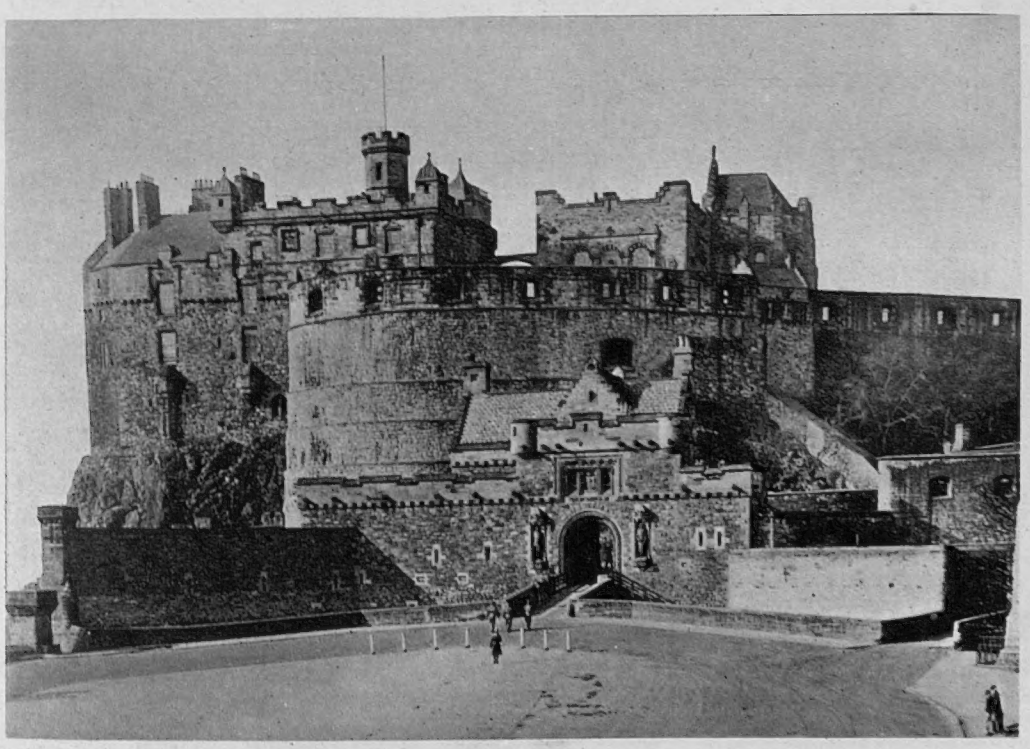
During the present reign the Royal visits to Edinburgh have aroused a more-than-usual fervour, both by reason of the Queen's Scottish ancestry and of her abiding interest in the country. This week that fervour has been more than ever manifest. The newly betrothed Princess Elizabeth, as the granddaughter of the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore, and, as such, a descendant of the early Kings of Scotland, received the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh at what might truly be termed the most representative Scottish gathering of modern times, and, needless to say, Edinburgh made the most elaborate preparations for the occasion.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARE STAYING: The Palace of Holyroodhouse, the former residence of the Scottish kings, was built by James IV and James V, but the greater part of the present building was erected by Charles II in 1670-79

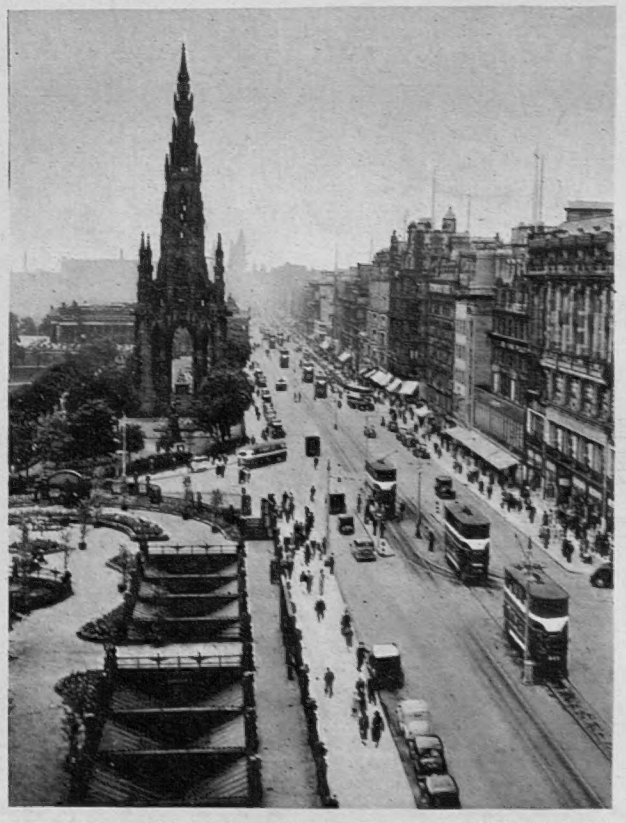
The focal-point of the celebrations has been the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and this forms the subject of a special drawing on this page. Holyrood, picturesquely set at the foot of the volcanic crag known as Arthur's Seat, includes among its historical apartments Lord Darnley's rooms and the vestibule where the ill-fated David Rizzio was done to death by Darnley, Morton, and their followers.



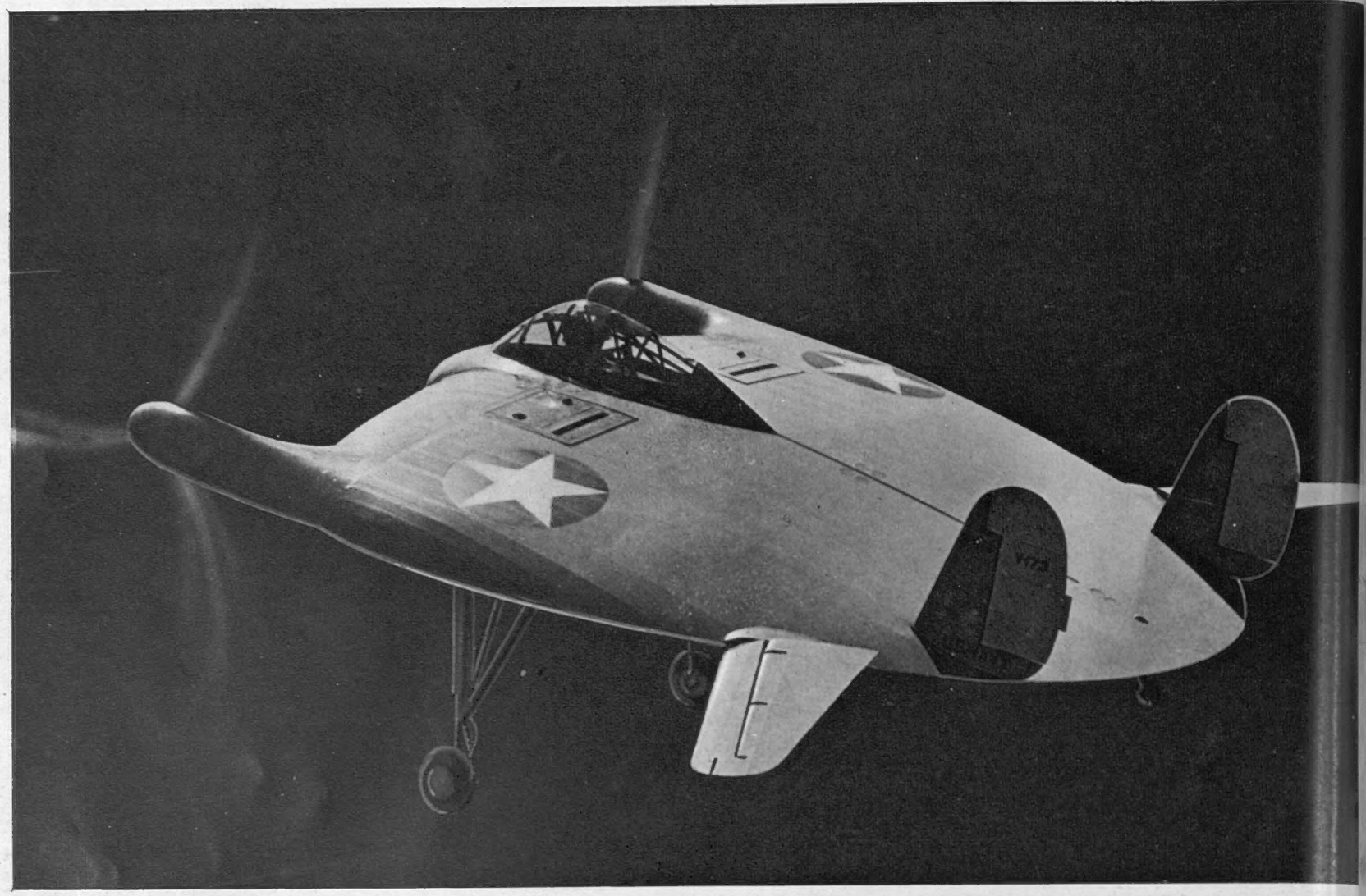
HOLYROOD PALACE IN ITS ROMANTIC SETTING AT THE FOOT OF ARTHUR'S SEAT: An artist's impression of the Royal residence where the King and Queen and the Princesses are now staying. The Palace Chapel on the left is all that remains of the original Holyrood Abbey founded in 1128



THE APPROACH TO THE CASTLE, EDINBURGH'S MOST DOMINATING LANDMARK: Grandly situated on the summit of a bold rock in the southern sector of the city, the Castle slopes gradually to Holyrood to the east, but descends very nearly perpendicularly on the other three sides



THE NOBLE VISTA OF PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH: One of Europe's finest thoroughfares. Half-way down the mile-long carriageway is the celebrated Scott monument



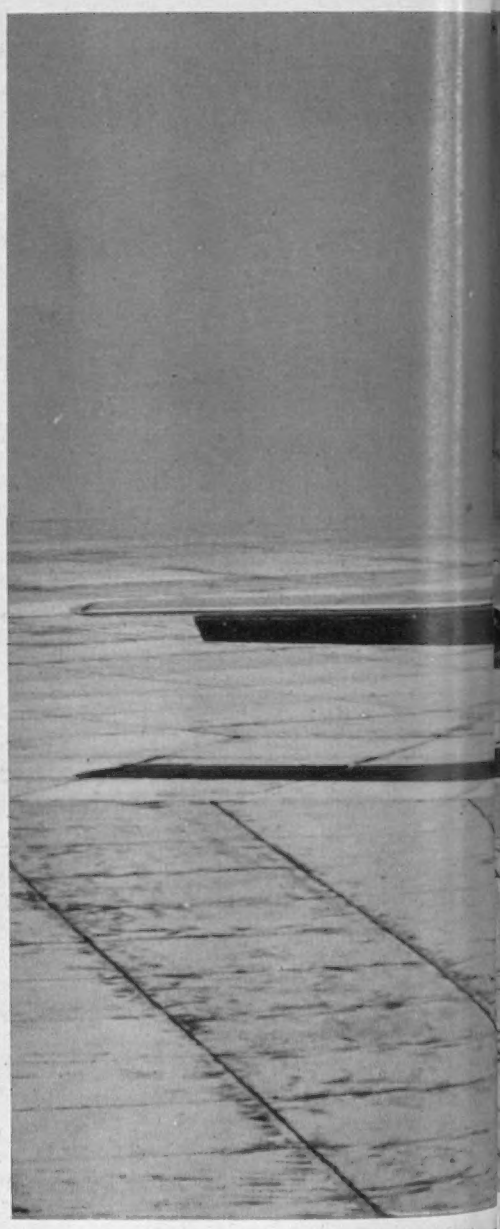
WAS THIS THE FLYING SAUCER? — **THE XF 5 U-1, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE "FLYING FLAPJACK," IS THE MOST UNORTHODOX OF ALL THE ALL-WING PLANES INTRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES FORCES: It has been suggested that the so-called Flying Saucers lately seen over California were really these "Flapjacks," but at the time of writing there is no confirmation or denial of the reports. The XF 5 U-1 has been adopted by the United States Navy by reason of its high speed allied to its remarkable ability to hover**

MUCH ADO ABOUT THE FLYING SAUCER

Was It a Flapjack, or Just the Result of Eyestrain?

There was a time, and not so long ago, when the daily Press found solace in the newsless summer months with tales of sea-serpents. Last year mysterious rockets over Scandinavia took the place of the sea-serpent, while this month we have been regaled with tales of America's Flying Saucers. One version of these mysterious apparitions over California is that they are the new U.S. naval fighters, sometimes known as "Flapjacks," but an Australian professor has urged, on the other hand, that they are mere products of the imagination, the result of too much intent staring into California's blue sky. Britain, it seems, has a "saucer" of her own, a plane which made its bow before the First World War. The designer claims that it could do 1,100 m.p.h. if jet-propelled. Meanwhile, his "saucer" reposes in London's Science Museum

ONE OF THE NAVAL AIR ARM'S NOTABLE NEW FIGHTERS — A HAWKER SEA FURY IN LEVEL FLIGHT OVER THE COAST: A close-up of the new attacking plane which is now in full production. Its Bristol Centaurus XVIII engine drives a five-bladed constant-speed propeller and gives it a speed of over 450 m.p.h.—which is a vivid reminder of the enormous increase in speed of carrier-borne aircraft since the outbreak of war. The all-up weight is just over 12,000 lbs., and in addition to four 20-mm. guns the alternative armament which may be carried includes two 90-gallon drop tanks, four rocket projectiles with 180-lb. heads, two 500-lb. bombs, or two smoke-curtain installations. Other naval fighter types are the Vickers Seafire 47, the Sea Hornet XX, and the Supermarine Attacker



AMERICA INTRODUCES THE SIX-ENGINE JET — THIRTY-SEVEN MINUTES: This new type, the B the end of the war and found to be hig stability is taken care of by two small wh limited by the type of General Electric J

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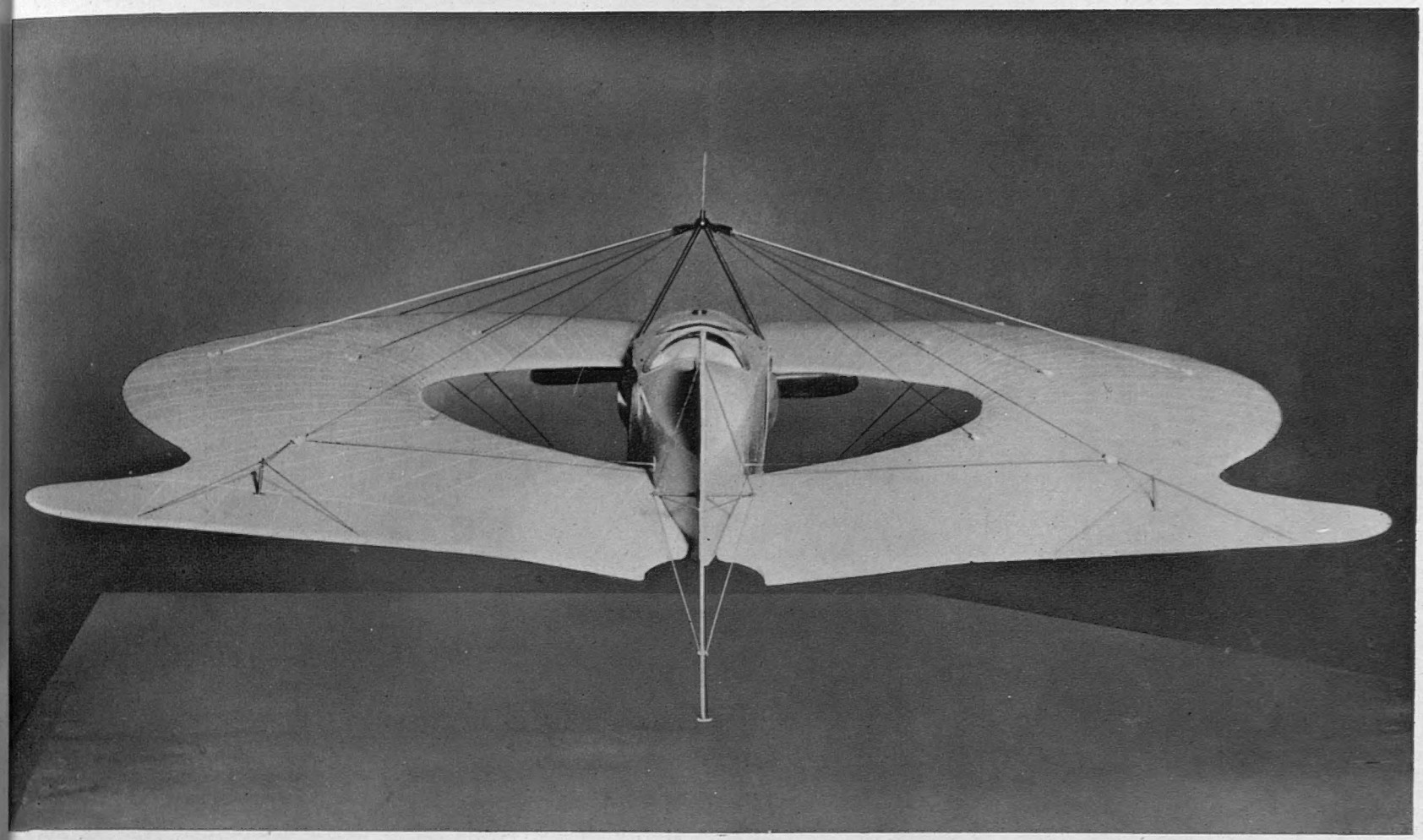


BRITAIN'S FLYING SAUCER—THIS ANNULAR MONOPLANE, AS IT WAS CALLED AT THE TIME OF ITS INVENTION IN 1912, WAS BROUGHT OUT BY G. TILGHMAN RICHARDS AT A COST OF £17,000, AND TO-DAY IT REPOSES IN MODEL FORM AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON: Mr. Richards expresses the opinion that, equipped with the latest jet power unit, his invention would attain supersonic speeds possibly reaching 1,100 m.p.h. The novel machine, originally nicknamed the "Flying Doughnut," made its first gliding flight as long ago as 1912. The designer has submitted his plans to the Royal Aeronautical Society

GLENN MARTIN XB-48, WHICH RECENTLY COMPLETED ITS FIRST TRIAL FLIGHT FROM BALTIMORE TO PATUXENT NAVAL AIR STATION, MARYLAND, REMAINING ALOFT of a series of medium-heavy jet bombers planned for the United States Army Air Force, has a tandem-wheel undercarriage of the kind first tested on a B-26 at atisfactory. The tandem undercarriage overcomes the great difficulty of tucking low-pressure tyres away into the modern high-speed wing. The lateral ground which, during flight, are housed in the engine nacelles. This 10,000-lb. jet bomber can have only a limited usefulness, as its range and speed are at present gas-turbine engines. The Glenn Martin XB-48 is exceeded in speed by the North American XB-45, a four-jet craft with two engines housed in each wing nacelle

THE BERLIN CAUSEWAY

To Enter the City, by Road, Rail, or Air, Britain, America, and France Must Take the Corridor Route

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is normal to wonder what effect the Soviet-willed division of Europe in two will have on the Western Allies' position in Berlin. After all, Berlin is an island surrounded by Russians. It can only be reached by a causeway from the west, which has to traverse nearly 200 miles of the Russian Zone.

Going by the map, there should be no difference. Even if Molotov's foreshadowing of a division more abrupt and rigid than heretofore should prove correct, Berlin will lie where it has always lain in relation to the mythical or factual "Iron Curtain"—nearly 200 miles behind it.

Take the British alignment with the Russian Zone. It extends from Lübeck through Helmstedt to the Harz Mountains. Everything east of this line, all territory between it and Berlin, has been forbidden ground to us. Save for the autobahn and the railway running more or less parallel to it, and one or two air-lanes from which our pilots deviate at their peril, the "Iron Curtain" has been as good as rung down on the Lübeck-Harz line.

Geographically speaking, it is a case of *nichts neues in Berlin*. But, of course, there is something new, fresh opportunity for the Russians to apply pressure, a growing sense of isolation among the 30,000 or 40,000 Americans, British and French, military and civilian, encircled in the German capital.

You can't split with a person and continue to live in the same "digs" without a distinct change supervening. Delicately must one tread, storm is in the air. Particularly when the other person wants you to clear out and does his best to provoke and exasperate you so that you 'll go. Do I dramatise the new position of the three Western Powers *vis-à-vis* the Russians in Berlin? Not much, anyway.

For a valuation of the present position it is necessary to gain three or four years' perspective—back to that day when Stalin accepted the Churchill-Roosevelt proposal for a joint Allied ruling of Germany from Berlin. The proposal was made at a time when the future progress of the Red Army was still problematical, or Stalin mightn't have accepted it.

As it was, he gained a prime advantage by securing that no other army should go into Berlin ahead of the Russians, since it is now common knowledge that the Americans could have rushed central Berlin first had they not hung back in keeping with the agreement which laid down prior Russian entry.

After the Russians had taken Berlin on May 1, 1945, the Americans and British were fully justified in expecting to be welcomed into the shattered capital by their Eastern Allies as soon as the requisite administrative arrangements could be made. It was the first of many subsequent disillusionments that things turned out differently. Week after week the victorious Westerners waited on the road. Why the delay? What could the Russians be doing?

We soon found out—I write this on the second anniversary of our eventual entry. During the first two months when the Russians forbade others entry, they fixed a hold on Berlin that they 've never relaxed but have only tried to tighten since. They were making up for having to let us in at all.

In that closed period the Russians purged Berlin of such Germans as they thought might be of most use to the West; they planted other Germans who were "ideologically reliable" in hub posts throughout the capital; they looted down to and including bedclothes and carried off as much plant, machinery and stocks as they could manage, no matter from which part of Berlin. Our Eastern Allies even reduced to a single track the main line arriving from the west.

Such was the Berlin we found, Russianised as far as could be done in the time, and it has been a constant fight ever since to win back ground filched from the west at the start and to consolidate against fresh inroads. A game of patience and skill, yet a struggle all the same, to keep one's end up in the face of sapping and misrepresentation sometimes childish but nearly always unsettling and provocative—a game in which I doubt if any others could acquit themselves as adroitly as the professional officers in charge.

Which may be the reason Moscow now forbids its higher officers and officials from pursuing the entertainment round with their Western opposites. Such friendliness is dangerous. You sense the same unnatural something if you take a walk down Unter den Linden in the Russian sector. You enter the Russian Bookshop and everything is friendly. You buy a Russian-sponsored German newspaper and you find you 've not improved since what Goebbels used to say about you. You are the same imperial criminal.

It seems doubly bad that such artificial hate should be sown so quickly after the odium earned by Goebbels. It knocks a big hole in the courtesies exchanged at the Kommandantura, where the military chiefs of the four Berlin Allies are supposed to pool everything and "play ball"—Berlin being run entirely separately from the Zones. Yet the hostile propaganda is only orchestrating the main idea which is that the three Western Powers have no right in Berlin and won't be there for long.

The programme is not so much one of squeezing out the West as of hoping it will decide that staying on is not worth all the trouble. The design is to play upon Western reflections on futility and isolation.

As I see it, Berlin's Russians have four principal methods of applying pressure. The first hinges on food control. Berliners are better off than the Zones (I refuse any longer to write that idiotic word beginning with "c"), but they still stand in great need of produce from the country. Completely encircling Berlin, as they do, the Russians are in a position to say what goes through and to whom. It is the same in Vienna, where the Americans lately charged them with withholding food for political reasons.

In Berlin's case the Russians have before now slowed down the freight service into the city from the west, so that the British, say, have been unable to get their supplies through on schedule and consequently have been held up to obloquy in Berliners' eyes. The Russians may then offer to supply the "deficiency" themselves, though they are usually behindhand with their own deliveries to the food pool—as at present.

Next in the Soviet armoury comes use of the Veto or systematic obstruction and refusal to accept majority decisions. Broadly, Berlin's Russians block measures and appointments which do not correspond to Kremlin directives. Just as Stalin has his Gromyko at Lake Success, so he has his General Kotikov on the Kommandantura. Just as the Russians find the majority of the nations ranged in opposition at U.N.O., so they find the majority of Berliners opposed to the German Socialist Unity (Communist) Party which Moscow created. So Kotikov vetoes.

A glaring example concerns attempts being made to elect a Lord Mayor of Berlin (a most important post, addressing itself direct to the Kommandantura on behalf of the citizenry). After vetoing the temporary appointment of Frau Schroeder, the Russians went one further by vetoing the election of Professor Reuter, though it came about by the overwhelming vote of 89 to 17.

The effect of the Veto is to keep Berliners in a tangle when the one thing they sigh for is something solid to catch on to, some aim, purpose to steer towards. They call themselves the "City-State of Shanghai"—a comment on the cosmopolitan jimble that the Occupation has brought about. Rather is Berlin coming to be a more enfevered and perilous pitch than Trieste, which it resembles in salient respects.

Thirdly, there 's the hold exercised by the N.K.V.D., or secret police. Besides kidnapping Berliners from any of the four sectors, and from three main motives which I have no space to go into, the N.K.V.D. runs an espionage network that penetrates into Allied headquarters in Berlin. And this is not William Le Queux stuff but was communicated by a high security official. Documents have been purloined which the Russian liaison officers could have had for the asking. "I simply do not understand how their minds work," concluded my informant. "It 's heartbreaking sometimes trying to be pally with them."

An offshoot of N.K.V.D., the Soviet railway police presume to remove what non-military passengers they choose from trains leaving Berlin for the west. No matter if their passes are countersigned by Kotikov's branch. This ever-prying railway police really belongs to the fourth Soviet hold on Berlin, which I would call the psychological.

Has it ever been sufficiently grasped that Berlin's British, French and Americans have lived for two years closely hemmed in on all sides by Russians who won't let their Allies in or out of the capital except by prescribed air-lane, train and autobahn? You leave any one of them at risk of being fired at. Chief effect of this charming attitude is to deprive the Western Allies in Berlin of the lake and wooded region so close to the city. The Russians can enjoy this. The West has to stick to its ruins.

Naturally, Molotov's talk of a split Europe must increase the feeling among Berlin's "Westerners" of being encircled and cut off. They 've been feeling that way already of late, by reason of the concentration on Frankfurt, and also because of the new policy in the Russian Zone which laps right up to Berlin. The very important Beria came from Moscow specially to clamp down this new policy which makes for out-and-out Communization through a dozen German stooges.

Why stop on in Berlin? Why incur the constant risk of a perilous flare-up, to say nothing of the added expenditure and effort? The whole idea of the West going to Berlin was to operate Four-Power rule from there. If this has manifestly become a wash-out, why insist?

Berlin is still the capital of Germany, with 3,000,000 people. Apart altogether from loss of prestige, to retreat would commit the great majority of Berliners to the Soviet system against their reiterated wish, and erase for other Germans hopes that still persist of a reunited Germany.

A KEY POST ON THE BERLIN CAUSEWAY: Captain Frederick Green, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, at the telephone switchboard which connects him with points on the 130-mile autobahn which passes through Russian territory en route from the British Zone in the west to the British sector in Berlin. It is Captain Green's job to come to the aid of Allied travellers on the Causeway. Conditions for the men in this lonely outpost are far from easy, as the Russians only allow them very limited space, and they are not permitted to visit neighbouring towns and villages. Until lately they have had to make the journey to Berlin in order to obtain water, but the Russians, at long last relenting, have now told them they can obtain supplies at Burg, seven miles away

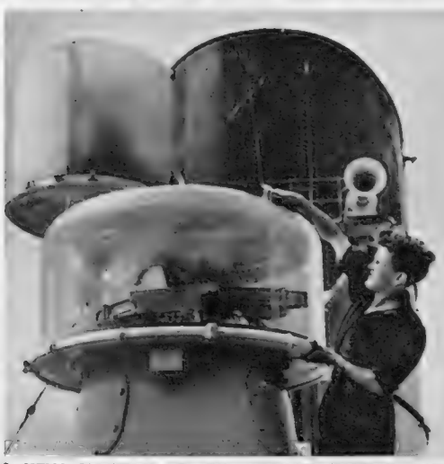
A GUIDE THROUGH THE MAZE OF BOMBED BERLIN: The central notice board, headed Adressen Tafel, informs Berliners as to the whereabouts of bombed-out business houses. Some businesses, once employing many hundreds of workers, now have a mere accommodation address and one or two representatives, but they endeavour to keep going while awaiting the long-delayed time of reconstruction

FROM WAR-PAINT TO PEACETIME SPLENDOUR—LOOKING ALONG THE BOAT-DECK OF THE "QUEEN MARY," WHICH ON JULY 31 WILL START HER FIRST POST-WAR COMMERCIAL VOYAGE FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK: Converting the 80,000-ton vessel from a troopship has taken an army of 1,500 workmen since September 1946

THE "QUEEN MARY" JOINS THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH"

The 80,000-ton Liner is Almost Ready to Inaugurate the Atlantic Shuttle Service

After a war career of inestimable service, in the course of which she brought American troops to Britain, 10,000 at a time, her great speed allowing her to slip past the waiting U-boats, the *Queen Mary* is now almost ready to take up her peacetime role again, and in company with the *Queen Elizabeth* will inaugurate an express shuttle service which will have no rival on the Western Ocean. During the war, when she was stripped for action as a transport, the *Queen Mary* left in America all her rich furnishings, and these have lately been brought to England in packing-cases and installed in the great liner. All the public rooms have now been redecorated



A NEW ADDITION TO THE "QUEEN MARY": Cleaning the dome of the radar apparatus. This will enable the vessel to maintain pace even in poor visibility

THE CABIN-CLASS LIBRARY: Workmen engaged in refitting the room. In the "Queen Mary," cabin-class is almost as luxurious as first-class on many other liners

ON THE "QUEEN MARY'S" BRIDGE: Just behind the wheel is the radar screen. A seaman is seen looking into the cathode-ray tube, on which he can observe any ships in the "Queen Mary's" immediate path and can see also in clear detail the outline of the coast twenty miles ahead

"PASSPORT TO NOWHERE": This series of pictures is taken from a new American film dealing with the dire problem of Europe's Displaced Persons. "Passport to Nowhere" shows an Italian family on its way back to bombed Cassino, and what they find at journey's end

THE RETURN TO THEIR BELOVED VILLAGE: Father, mother and children walk among the ruins of Cassino in search of what was once their home. To-day Cassino is a mass of rubble, with here and there new dwellings

SPAIN AT THE POLLS: A queue of voters waiting outside a polling booth half an-hour after voting started in one of the middle-class districts of Madrid They were asked to vote "Yes" or "No" on Spain's Law of Succession, which defines the country as a titular monarchy ruled by Franco

SPAIN'S FOREIGN MINISTER RECORDS HIS VOTE: Señor Alberto Martin Artajo, who is strongly tipped for the Premiership, handing in his ballot paper at a Madrid polling station. The ballot box is transparent

The NEWS in PICTURES from FOREIGN LANDS

Totalitarian Spain has just concluded its one-sided election campaign. Never before in the troubled history of the peninsula have so many Spaniards been entitled to the vote, and seldom indeed has a campaign been so hopelessly one-sided, the issue having little or no meaning. Spaniards have been asked to vote "Yes" or "No" to Franco's Succession Law, and in effect to give a vote of confidence in the regime. The terms of the referendum were so limited, however, that whatever the answer the situation must remain the same, with the Caudillo still firmly planted in the saddle. More than 70 per cent. of the electorate voted, and the result is expected in the last week of July. The election was preceded by a nation-wide advertising campaign

AT LAST THEY MEET AGAIN! The D.P. family are greeted by relatives as they return to the ruined town

THIS WAS ONCE HER HOME: The mother and her two children at journey's end amid the ruins of Cassino

ONE LESS REPARATION SHIP FOR RUSSIA: The ex-German whaler 6119, which was waiting with other ships in Kristiansand Harbour, Norway, to be sent to the Soviet Union, seen as it began to sink by the stern. Captain McClinton, U.S. Navy, came to the rescue with two tugs, but he was too late to save the vessel. The caption accompanying the picture does not explain the cause of the sinking

THE PROBLEM OF THE D.P.s: When Hitler declared that if ever Germany was conquered he would bring all Europe down about her head, he spoke what very nearly turned out to be the truth. The most terrible legacy of his regime is undoubtedly the problem of the Displaced Persons, the men and women whom the Nazis brought from their homelands to work in Germany as slave-labourers. To-day 800,000 of those D.P.s still languish in German camps. They are cared for, it is true, by the Allied Armies, but most of them have no homes and no inclination to return to utter destitution in their native lands. In the documentary film, *Passport to Nowhere*, which forms the subject of the above strip, an Italian family is shown on its return to Cassino. Their journey epitomises the tragedy of the D.P., leaving the film-goer with a salutary sense of urgency, a feeling that not a moment must be lost if these homeless, sometimes stateless, people are to know a fuller life. At the time of writing, the Stratton Bill to allow 400,000 D.P.s to enter the United States is before Congress

THE STRANGE STORY OF ADMIRAL THIERRY D'ARGENLIEU : The former French High Commissioner for Indo-China who has renounced all the honours and decorations won in two world wars and is to become a monk of the Carmelite Order under the name of Père Louis de la Trinité. It was in 1939, after he had already experienced nineteen years of monastic life, that d'Argenlieu joined the Navy for the second time. When he escaped from a German prison camp he became General de Gaulle's liaison officer, and later he was involved in the task of quelling the insurrections in Tongking and Annam

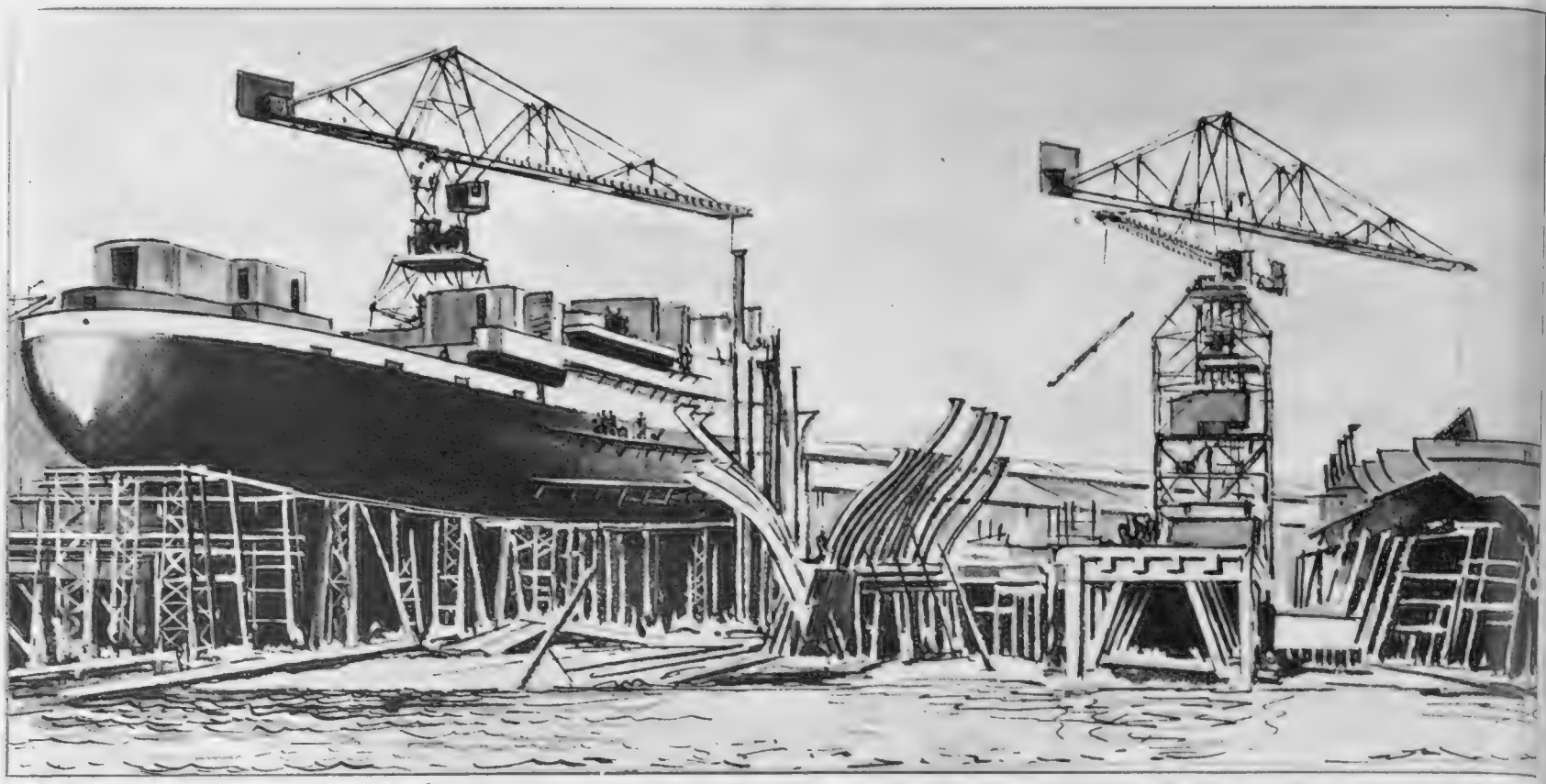
TWO FRENCH GENERALS IN THE NEWS : The surprise dismissal of de Larminat and the arrest of Jean Casimir Merson. *Left*—General de Larminat, de Gaulle's wartime Chief of Staff and lately Inspector-General of French Forces in Overseas Territories, who has been recalled from the Cameroons and dismissed from his post by the Council of Ministers on the ground of his "inadmissible interference" in a murder charge, involving a member of the Maquis, before the French courts. It was stated that de Larminat's dismissal had no connection with the Black Maquis plot and the attempted *coup d'état*. *Right*—General Merson, handcuffed to a gendarme, is taken to prison after interrogation in Paris regarding his part in the Black Maquis plot to overthrow the French Republic. The plot, it is said, may eventually involve many Frenchmen in high places. Another arrest in connection with the plot is that of Claude Chauvel, son of the permanent head of the Foreign Ministry

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER TO THE HOLY SEE : Mr. J. V. T. W. T. Perowne, C.M.G., arrives at the Vatican to present his credentials to Pope Pius XII. He was attended by Mons. Bernardino Nardone (on his right in the picture), of the Vatican ceremonial staff, when he took up his appointment

ARAB LEADERS BAN THE SALE OF LAND TO JEWS : Sheik Mohammed Sabi Abed Din addressed a mass meeting of Arabs at Haifa. Many of the thousands who attended gathered outside the hall where the speeches were broadcast. Seated immediately behind the Sheik and facing the camera is Jamal Husseini, a nephew of the Mufti. The resolution to prevent Arabs selling land to Jews was one of twenty-two designed to boycott Zionist expansion in trade and services on penalty of excommunication from their Church, whether Muslim or Christian. The meeting promised to enforce the resolutions in the name of Allah

THE NEW RESIDENCE OF THE SOVIET CONSULATE IN NEW YORK : The great mansion, five storeys high, has a frontage of 100 ft. on Park Avenue. It has been vacant for two years and its value has been assessed at 320,000 dollars, although it is thought that nearly 500,000 dollars were paid for it by the Soviet Government. It will house the offices of the Consul-General

RESCUING THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE "PANIGAGLIA" : Between sixty and seventy men were killed when ammunition exploded on board the corvette "Panigaglia" when it was being unloaded after making the voyage from Pantellaria to Porto Santo Stefano, north of Civitavecchia. At the time when this photograph was taken, men trapped below the water-line could still be heard tapping. The sole survivor was in a compartment which remained above water-level. The rescue party were without proper diving equipment



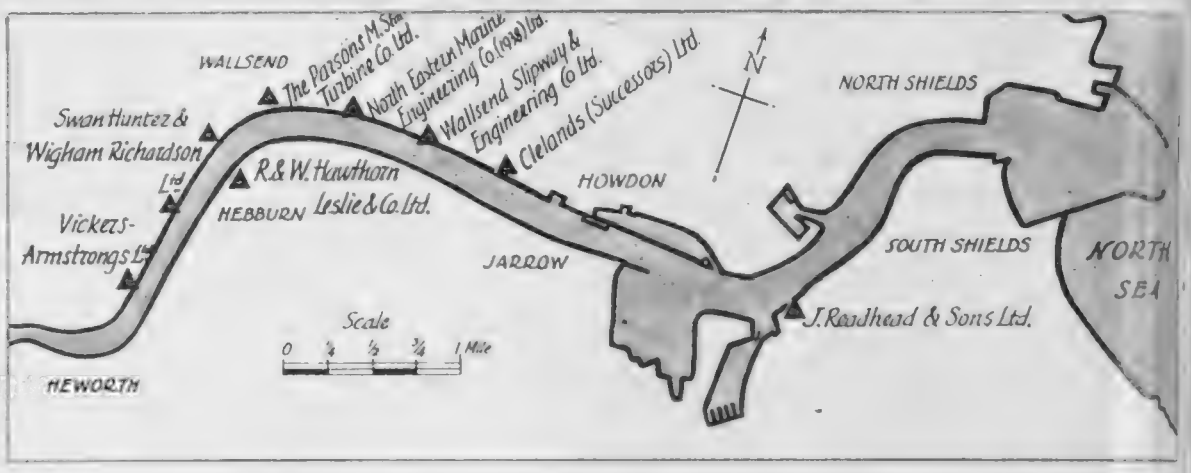
IN THE WALKER YARD OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS : Three vessels in varying stages of construction in one of the Tyneside yards. On the left and nearly ready for launching is the *Newfoundland*, which will operate on the Newfoundland-Liverpool service of the Johnston Warren Lines

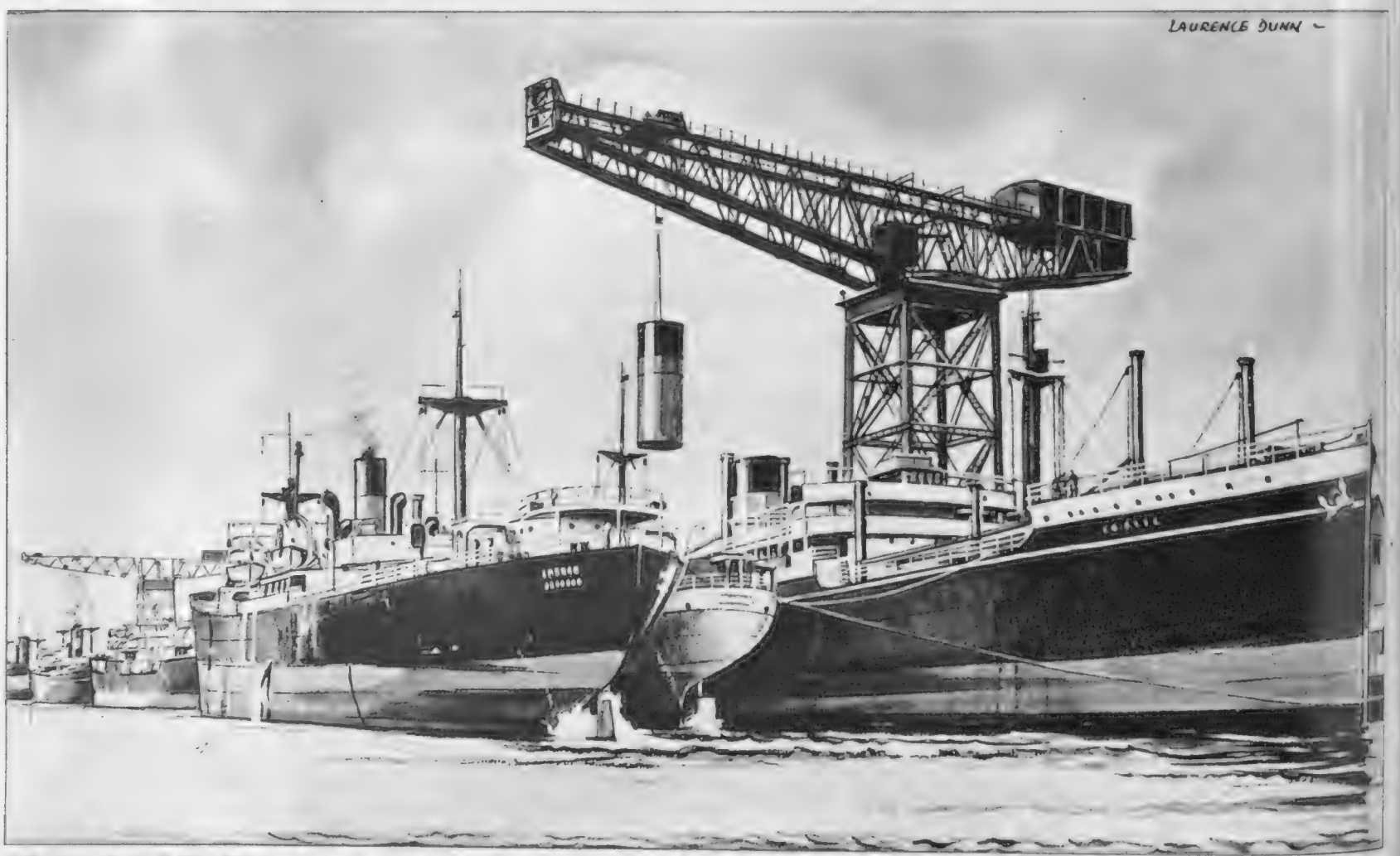
On right—**TYNESIDE FROM HEWORTH TO THE ESTUARY :** A sketch-map showing the positions of some of the more important yards, where there is intense activity as new tonnage is prepared for launching

TYNESIDE'S BUSY SCENE

A "Sphere" Artist Records Shipbuilding Activity in the North-East

(Drawings by Laurence Dunn)





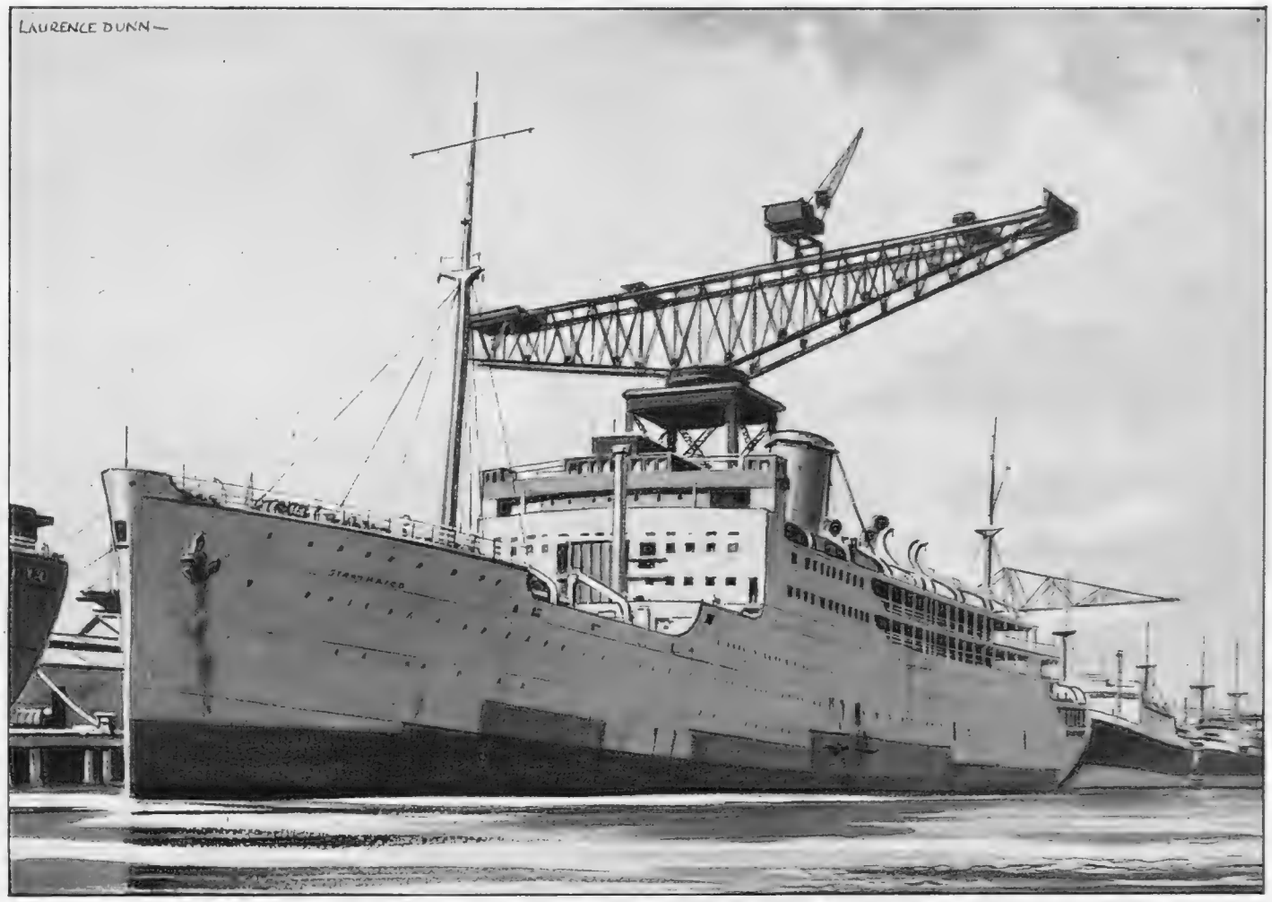
ON THE WALLSEND REACH—ONE OF THE BUSIEST SECTIONS OF THE TYNE AS SEEN BY A "SPHERE" ARTIST : Some are new ships being engined ; others—older ones—are having their machinery overhauled or modernised. The Wallsend Slipway Co.'s hammerhead crane is in the foreground, while in the distance is its twin at the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Works. On the right is a refrigerated-meat-carrying motor-ship, in for a periodic overhaul. Next her a little Mediterranean trader is being completed, while on the outside is a 10,000-ton war-built freighter with her engines being tested as they slowly turn. The single screw can be seen churning the water

It is perhaps unfortunate that the North Sea packets berth such a short way up the River Tyne. As a result, thousands of visitors miss the inspiring sight of one of Britain's greatest shipbuilding centres at work. The mass of new ships on the stocks, newly-afloat, or fitting out, is heartening indeed. On these pages Laurence Dunn records for THE SPHERE his impressions of the busy scene.

The Tyne shipyards are reported to have some fifty or sixty ships on order, besides about two dozen small craft, barges, coasters, and the like. These are the orders which have been publicly announced. The number is probably greater if one bears in mind the probable new contracts now being fixed up and not yet announced.

Last year twenty-four ships were built on the river; also a further twenty-one small vessels, barges etc., making a total of nearly 200,000 tons gross.

Apart from Readheads, who have their yard just below the Tyne Dock, the big shipbuilding yards are grouped together in a short stretch of the river, making a most imposing array. For a distance of about two miles downstream from Walker, new naval craft, tankers, cargo ships, liners and coasters may be seen, perhaps still in their terra-cotta or plum colour under-paint. Interspersed among the new ships are many large vessels which are being reconstructed after war service.



CONVERTING A STATELY P. & O.—THE "STRATHAIRD" BEING PREPARED FOR PEACETIME SERVICE AFTER SEVERAL YEARS AS A TROOPSHIP: The reconditioning is taking place at the Walker Yard of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., the most westerly of the Tyneside yards. The great hammerhead crane, which is such a well-known landmark on Tyneside, still looks as impressive as ever, in spite of the presence of this 22,281-ton ship, which has had two of her three funnels temporarily removed. During the war the *Strathaird* was regarded as one of the most comfortable of our "troopers." Astern of the *Strathaird* is the 7,500-ton liner *Nova Scotia*, one of two building for the Newfoundland-Liverpool service of the Johnston Warren Lines. Still farther downstream is the Ellerman liner *City of Hull*, a twin-screw cargo liner of some 8,500 tons

OIL TANKERS AND NAVAL CRAFT AT HEBBURN—LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER TO THE YARDS OF R. AND W. HAWTHORN LESLIE AND CO: Here one vessel belonging to the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co. Ltd. is being repaired, another is being completed and yet a third is on the stocks. The last-named, the "Auris," is temporarily being fitted with Diesel electric machinery, but is, later on, to be fitted with a gas-turbine unit. On the right may be seen one of two Battle-class destroyers, the "Alamein" and the "Agincourt," which are being fitted out. The class was designed originally for operations in the Pacific

RECEPTION AT COUNTY HALL—THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES AS THE GUESTS OF LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL : The King is seen talking to Lady Nathan, Chairman of the Council. After the reception and the King's address in the Council Chamber, dancing took place in the Conference Hall. Members of the Government, as well as the chief officers of the L.C.C. were present

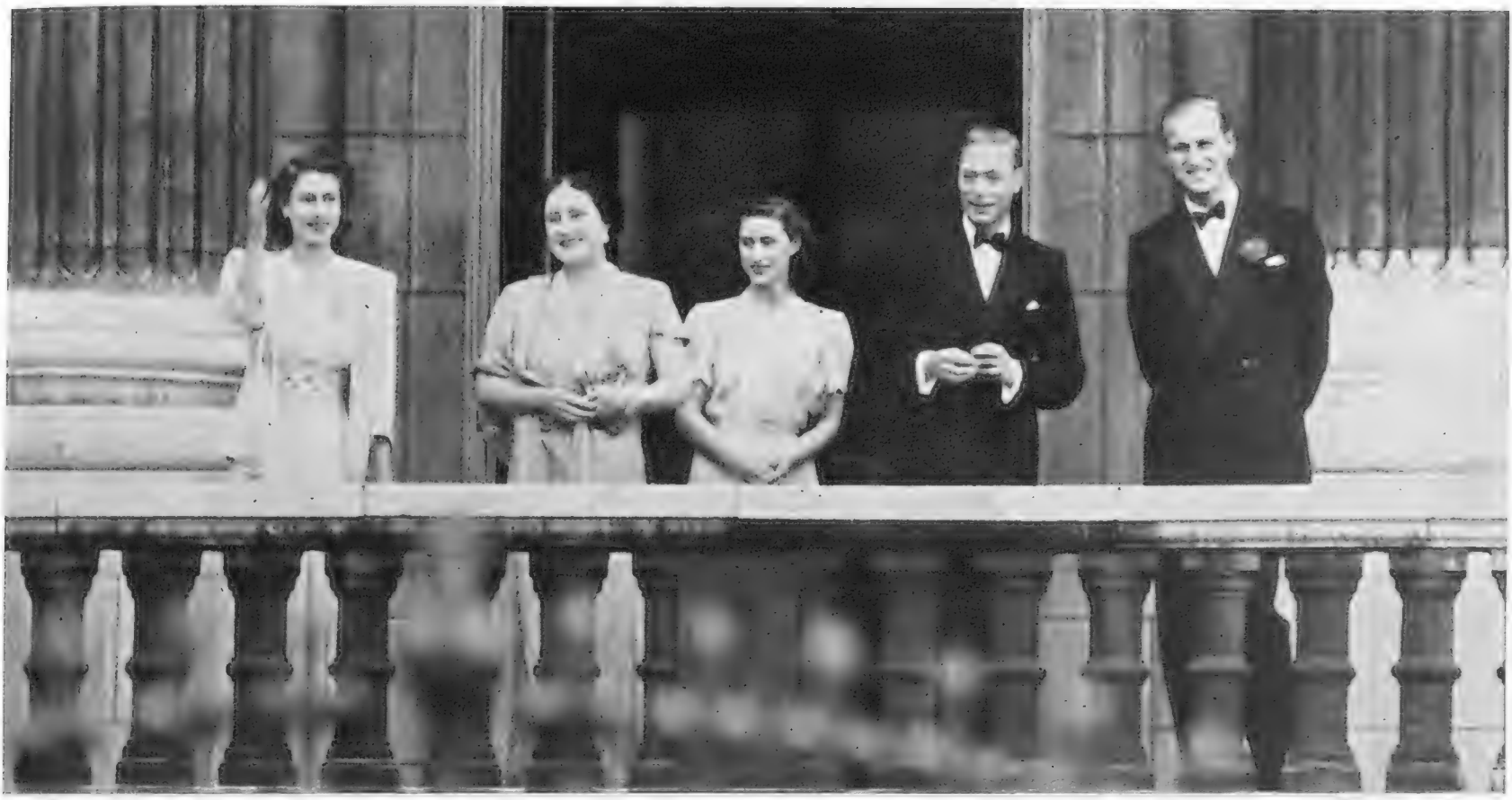
ROYAL OCCASIONS

BEFORE AND AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRINCESS'S BETROTHAL

Prior to the departure of the Royal Family for Edinburgh the London Season reached its height with a succession of Royal occasions culminating in the announcement of the betrothal of Princess Elizabeth to Lieut. Mountbatten. Advance announcements brought increasing crowds to the Palace, and throughout the day of the betrothal there was an ever-moving throng of wellwishers in the vicinity of the Victoria Memorial. In the evening they were rewarded by a balcony appearance of the Royal Family, as depicted on the next page.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH HER OWN REGIMENT : The Princess standing on the saluting dais on the parade ground at Chelsea Barracks before watching the march-past of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards in her capacity as their Colonel. Standing beside her is Colonel Colvin, and behind the dais are Lady Margaret Egerton and Major Arthur Penn, who were in attendance on the Princess. Some weeks ago, it may be remembered, the Princess reviewed old soldiers of the regiment at the Palace

THE PRINCESS DISPLAYS HER NEW ENGAGEMENT RING : An informal picture taken as Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret toured the grounds at the Buckingham Palace Presentation Party on the day following the betrothal. The engagement ring is of platinum, with one large diamond and two smaller stones set at the side



IN RESPONSE TO POPULAR CLAMOUR—THE KING AND QUEEN WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THEY ACKNOWLEDGED THE GOOD WISHES OF THE CROWD WHICH GATHERED ON THE EVENING OF THE BETROTHAL: A few moments after this picture was taken the King and Queen and Princess Margaret withdrew, leaving the Princess and her fiancé on the balcony alone. The balcony appearance took place at 9.20 p.m., but it was not until two hours later that the crowd of well-wishers finally dispersed when they were informed by a Court official that their Majesties had retired for the night and that there would be no more appearances. Earlier in the day the Princess and Lieut. Mountbatten had toured the Palace grounds together, greeting a large number of guests at the Royal Presentation Party, which was held despite the inclement weather

THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE PRESENTATION PARTY—THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS MARGARET, QUEEN MARY, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT WALKING AMONG THEIR GUESTS: The party took place on the day of the announcement of the betrothal. Princess Elizabeth, who was wearing a suit of coffee beige with a matching straw hat, frequently removed her left glove to display the engagement ring. The Presentation Party was marred by bad weather, but the Royal Family spent nearly two hours touring the rain-soaked lawns. Princess Elizabeth and her fiancé remained together throughout the afternoon. During the week-end they visited Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match, and Ascot

Preparing the Way for WHITEHALL'S VAST NEW OFFICES

Work in Progress on the Site of the Old Whitehall Palace

The great rectangular space bounded by Whitehall, Horse Guards Avenue, Richmond Terrace and the Victoria Embankment, was scheduled over a decade ago to be occupied by the biggest Government block of offices ever envisaged in this country. It was stated as long ago as 1936 that this block would accommodate at least four Ministries and would have a main frontage of 550 ft. and a height of 128 ft.

Much preparatory work was done before the war when the houses in Whitehall Gardens were demolished and the foundations of the old Palace of Whitehall were unearthed, including a flight of steps leading down to what was then the shore of the river. Henry VIII's Wine Cellar (also illustrated on this page) is not a recent piece of excavation. The excavations were fully illustrated in THE SPHERE shortly before the war. During the war the excavations were filled in and levelled over and various temporary structures were erected "for the duration."

The panoramic drawing by Dennis Flanders shows the present state of the project with the first of the steelwork arising in the open space to the left. Mr. Vincent Harris, the architect of the scheme, plans to lay out a garden at this end of the building, which will include the old flight of stone steps mentioned above. This will now be re-excavated. In the centre of the drawing can be seen the enormous excavations dug down to a depth of some 90 ft. in which will be built the boilers for heating the new offices. It is planned also to supply heat to many neighbouring buildings from this same heating plant.

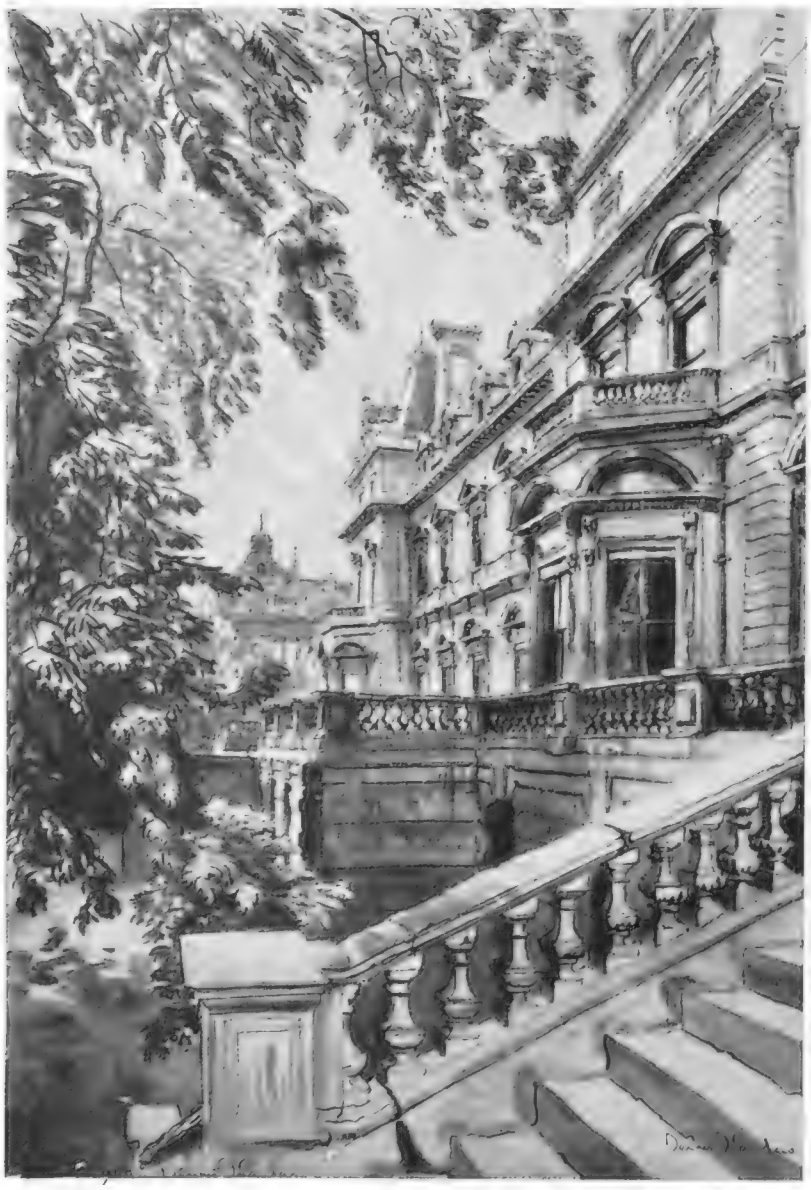
This wide view of Governmental London has been obtained by Mr. Flanders from the roof of the War Office and embraces much of the familiar landmarks of the heart of the Empire. On the extreme left is the County Hall, and through the trees of the Embankment can just be seen Westminster Bridge. In the middle distance is Montagu House (to be demolished in connection with the new scheme) topped by Scotland Yard and the towers and spires of the Houses of Parliament. To the right can be seen Westminster Abbey and the dome of the Central Hall, above the long skyline of the Foreign Office, while in the foreground is that gem of Renaissance architecture, the Banqueting Hall. In order not to dwarf this Mr. Harris's building will be set well back from Whitehall.

In the centre foreground, right at the base of the drawing, is the flat rectangular roof of the Wine Cellar. This forms the subject of the second drawing. It is to be preserved (indeed, it is scheduled as an Ancient Monument) and will be incorporated in the new scheme. It is reminiscent of the Tudor work at Hampton Court and possibly contemporary. The groining and vaulting are very fine examples of Tudor work. Down the sides can be seen the stone shelves on which the wine barrels were kept and the troughs for conveying any ale overflows. Previous to the present building operations this cellar stood beneath Malmesbury House. The drawing shows its actual condition to-day.

County Hall

First steelwork on new office block — *Roof over Henry VIII's Wine Cellar*

PREPARING FOR WHITEHALL'S MONSTER NEW BUILDING—EXCAVATIONS IN HIRE BLOCK OF OFFICES IS TO BE ERECTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH A SCHEME DECIDED U B going in and scaffolding being erected. Before the war, preliminary excavations w ca Henry VIII's Wine Cellar, a fine piece of Tudor brickwork, is in a fair state o res



SCHEDULED AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT—THE HENRY VIII WINE CELLAR WHICH WILL BE INCORPORATED IN THE NEW BUILDING SCHEME: The cellar, reminiscent of the Tudor work at Hampton Court and very nearly contemporary with it, is notable for the fine sweep of its groining and vaulting. Down the sides can be seen the stone shelves on which the wine barrels were kept and the troughs for the conveyance of ale overflows—*Drawing by Dennis Flanders*

On left—**TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW MONSTER BUILDING: Montagu House, Whitehall, now accommodating the Ministry of Labour, is a former residence of the Dukes of Buccleuch. It was built in 1859-61 on the site of a mansion dating from 1734 and built for the second Duke of Montagu. It stands at the south-western end of Whitehall building site**

On right—**TATE'S JUBILEE**: To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Tate Gallery, which falls on July 21, its director, Mr. John Rothenstein, is arranging a special exhibition. One of the pictures in it will be "The Doctor," by Luke Fildes. This is the picture which the United States authorities are using for a new issue of postage stamps. It is one of the original pictures presented by Sir Henry Tate, who built the Gallery to house the collection he gave to the nation. In spite of considerable war damage which has reduced the number of galleries in use from thirty-four to six, the visitors last year numbered nearly twice the pre-war average. Sir Henry Tate, the founder, was a British merchant and art patron and was born at Chorley, Lancs., in the year 1819. He was employed at a sugar refinery at Liverpool and there he made a patent for cutting sugar loaves into small cubes for household use; this made his fortune. He was a generous benefactor to hospitals, libraries and universities, and himself a great collector of art. He built this grand building on a site at Millbank and he called it the National Gallery of British Art

Montagu House (To be demolished) *Westminster Abbey* *Central Hall* *The Foreign Office*

Cellar 90 ft. deep to contain Heating Equipment for new office block

The Jacobean Banqueting Hall

RESS ON THE VAST SITE BETWEEN THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT AND WHITEHALL, WHERE A GIANT BEFORE THE WAR: In this drawing Dennis Flanders shows the site as it is to-day, with foundations carried out, and at the time the foundations of the old Palace of Whitehall were unearthed. reservation, and when the new building is erected, it will be incorporated into the structure

HE TATE GALLERY IN ITS JUBILEE YEAR: The main entrance to the celebrated building on Millbank which suffered severely during the war, but in its six remaining galleries there have since been held a series of successful exhibitions. The Tate was presented to the nation by Sir Henry Tate in August 1897. The Turner paintings are among its principal possessions

PREPARING FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL AT WESTMINSTER: Police officers discussing advance plans for the ceremony, which is to take place in October. Meanwhile the statue of the Sailor King by Sir William Reid Dick has been taken from its temporary resting-place in the basement of the Tate Gallery and set up on its permanent site in Abingdon Street, opposite the House of Lords entrance. The statue is 10 ft. high and stands upon a massive base weighing five tons

THE BETROTHAL OF H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

London Hears the News of the Forthcoming Marriage of the Heir Presumptive and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten

ON THE NIGHT OF THE BETROTHAL: Princess Elizabeth leaving the Dorchester Hotel, where she had dined, for Apsley House, where she attended a dance given by the Hon. Robert and Lady Serena James. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten was dining at Buckingham Palace as the guest of the King. Throughout the evening crowds collected round the Palace, but the official announcement of the betrothal in the Court Circular did not appear until the early hours of the morning

PRINCESS ELIZABETH DRIVES OUT OF THE PALACE GATES: Her Royal Highness waving to the crowds as she left for the Dorchester prior to attending a dance at Apsley House. A great crowd of well-wishers gathered round the Palace on reading the advance press announcements

THE PRINCESSES ATTEND THE HORSE SHOW: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret arriving at the White City on the afternoon before the announcement of the betrothal

THE WELL-WISHERS AT THE PALACE AND IN PARK LANE — CROWDS WAITING TO GREET PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE EVE OF HER BETROTHAL: *Left*—The throng at the Palace gates, which increased as the day wore on. Some of them saw the Princess return from the Horse Show, but most of them failed to identify Lieutenant Mountbatten as he drove into the courtyard in his sports car. *Right*—In the evening, as the Princess left the Dorchester for Apsley House, where she attended a private dance, her car was mobbed, and the police had a hard task clearing a lane through the host of well-wishers

THE MAN WHO MAY ONE DAY BE PRINCE CONSORT : Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, son of the late Prince Andrew of Greece and Princess Alice, and descendant of the Danish Royal Family of Glucksburg, a cadet branch of which founded the reigning dynasty of Greece

AT THE MOUNTBATTEN WEDDING AT ROMSEY IN 1946 : Princess Elizabeth with Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. One of the first pictures of the Royal couple taken together

Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten R.N., is a grandson of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, the first Marquess of Milford Haven, and is thus the nephew of the present Viceroy of India, Admiral Viscount Mountbatten. His father was Prince Andrew of Greece, brother of King Constantine, and he is thus a cousin of the Duchess of Kent and of King Paul of Greece. On his mother's side he traces his ancestry back to Queen Victoria. Although born in Corfu, Lieutenant Mountbatten was brought up in England by his uncle, then Lord Louis Mountbatten. In 1930 he went to Cheam School, one of the oldest private schools in England, and continued his education under Mr. Kurt Hahn in Germany. When Mr. Hahn, under Nazi pressure, moved to Scotland, Prince Philip was still one of his pupils. At the age of eighteen he passed into the Navy by the recognised "special entry." Lieutenant Mountbatten's naval career has been very much on a par with the early career of his uncle, and he has shown the deepest enthusiasm in his calling. He was mentioned in despatches for efficient work as a search-light officer in the night engagement of Matapan

N 1946, WHEN THE WORLD FIRST BEGAN TO HEAR THE RUMOURS OF A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT—THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET, AND LIEUTENANT PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN (THEN PRINCE PHILIP OF GREECE) AT ROMSEY ABBEY : They were attending the wedding of the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten, daughter of Admiral Viscount Mountbatten, and Lord Brabourne, of the Coldstream Guards. The Princesses both acted as bridesmaids

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE WEST FAÇADE — LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE AND THE SPACIOUS LAWNS, SCENE OF THE ROYAL PRESENTATION PARTIES: The Palace grounds cover approximately 40 acres, and it is difficult to believe that they lie in the heart of a great city. This western façade differs markedly from the new eastern front added by Sir Aston Webb in 1913

The MIDSUMMER GLORY of BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS

Some New and Unusual Views of the Spacious Grounds

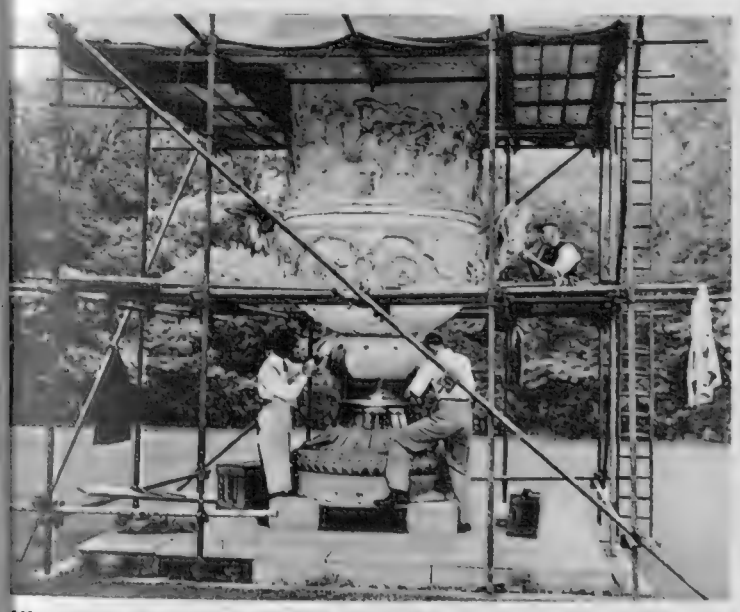
Buckingham Palace itself has only a short Royal history, and indeed it was not intimately associated with the Throne before the day when the girl Queen Victoria drove out from the new Palace for the Coronation. It was the beginning of an association which has given the Palace a particular place in the nation's heart. The grounds of Buckingham Palace, however, have a much older history, for it was on this site, long before the Palace came into being, that King James I, having the worthy conception of cultivating silkworms, made a mulberry-tree plantation. Although his experiment failed, the gardens became a favourite haunt of Londoners. Later they were enclosed in the property of Lord Arlington, and in 1698 the Duke of Buckinghamshire bought Arlington House, pulled down the house, and later erected Buckingham House. To-day those spacious lawns, now seen in all the grandeur of summer, provide a truly magnificent setting for the Royal home

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW: Looking across the lake in Buckingham Palace grounds from the dark recesses of the boathouse. The lake stretches away towards Grosvenor Place for 100 yards or so

COOL RETREATS IN HOT WEATHER — THE SUMMER-HOUSE ON THE PALACE LAWNS AND A SMALLER SUMMER-HOUSE BESIDE ONE OF THE PATHS: In the larger building, with its sliding doors and comfortable furnishings, the Royal Family, exacting engagements permitting, occasionally take tea during the summer months

SHADED LAWNS SLOPE DOWN TO THE QUIET LAKE — A RURAL SCENE IN THE HEART OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GROUNDS: The grounds occupy the site of the celebrated Mulberry Gardens started in the days of James I. In 1654 Evelyn mentions the Mulberry Gardens as "ye only place for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." Charles II often visited the gardens, and, needless to say, the ubiquitous Pepys occasionally took his pleasure there. The whole property was enclosed in Arlington's day, and it was not until the last century that Buckingham Palace became a Royal residence

HOEING THE NORTH FLOWER BORDER: Two of the gardeners at work in the Palace grounds. Mr. G. A. Smith has worked at the Palace for the past eighteen years. With him is Mr. Heley, who has just begun work there after many years' service in Hyde Park



AN OUTSIZE IN ORNAMENTAL VASES: This massive piece of marble, known as the Waterloo Vase, is one of the curiosities of the Palace grounds. It was originally made in Milan for Napoleon, the newly-crowned King of Italy. It came to England as a trophy of the Napoleonic Wars. It is now being cleaned and renovated

"BESIDE THE LAKE, BENEATH THE TREES": Another delightful view looking westwards in the direction of Grosvenor Place. In the distance can be seen the tennis courts

THE LORD MAYOR GIVES A MANSION HOUSE DINNER TO HIS MAJESTY'S JUDGES — SIR BRACEWELL SMITH, STANDING BETWEEN THE SWORD OF STATE AND THE MACE, RECEIVING SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, AND LADY SHAWCROSS : The dinner was attended by many of the leading judges The principal speech of the evening was made by Lord Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, who made reference to the divorce situation. When he was a young man at the Bar he declared, such cases did not exceed 1,000 a year. Before the war they numbered 10,000, and this year they looked like approaching 50,000. Commenting on a jocular remark by the Lord Mayor, who posed the question, "What is the price of a judge?", Lord Jowitt said: "I will tell you the price of a judge—£5,000 a year, fixed 120 years ago when there was no income tax as we know it"

From LONDON and the PROVINCES

Some Items in the Home News

A NEW COAT OF PAINT FOR ALBERT BRIDGE : Painters at work on the graceful north towers of the bridge which spans the Thames between Chelsea and Battersea. Fifteen men are engaged on the task and they will use in all 800 gallons of paint. The job was last done in 1931, and is long overdue as a result of the war. Albert Bridge, never particularly robust, was designed in 1873, but carries no buses, and only a modest amount of traffic. The main burden is taken by neighbouring Chelsea and Battersea bridges

THE NEW BATTLE OF BRITAIN WINDOW : Passers-by looking up at the stained glass adorning the east end of the Henry VII Chapel. The window, which has been designed and made by Hugh Easton, is composed of forty-eight lights. The lower lights contain the badges of the Squadrons which took part in the Battle. At the foot of the window are inscribed Shakespeare's words : "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers." The window was unveiled by the King last week

AN EX-GERMAN AIR FORCE YACHT GOES AGROUND OFF LOWESTOFT: The "Heligoland" being taken in tow by a lifeboat. Twelve naval officers and cadets from H.M.S. *Ganges* at Shotley were sailing the 25-ton yawl-rigged yacht *Heligoland* (once the property of the German Luftwaffe) during the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Regatta at Lowestoft when she went aground on the Holm Sands. The Lowestoft lifeboat came to the rescue in quick time and towed the unfortunate *Heligoland* safely back to the harbour

THE LOWESTOFT LIFEBOAT TOWING THE YAWL-RIGGED YACHT "HELIGOLAND" TO SAFETY: Another picture of the ex-Luftwaffe yacht, which went aground during the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Regatta at Lowestoft

ENGLAND'S FIRST TRAINING-SHIP FOR GIRLS: Victualling the "English Rose" in Poole Harbour. The 120-ton yacht *English Rose*, moored in Poole Harbour, has become the first training-ship for the Girls' Nautical Training Corps. Sections of the Corps, from all over the country, are to spend a week at a time aboard. They will receive sea training under Commander C. L. A. Woollard, R.N. Already a detachment has tried out its sea-legs when, under Commander Woollard and officers of the Corps, the *English Rose* was brought round from the Essex coast in a stiff gale

THE SECOND OFFICER DEMONSTRATES BENDS AND HITCHES: Rita Pearson, an officer of the Girls' Nautical Training Corps, taking a class aboard the "English Rose." Great keenness has been displayed by the girls, who have come from all parts of England to take the course at Poole

THIS PLAQUE BEARS WITNESS TO THE GENIUS OF SIR HERBERT BARKER: Maurice Rottesman, the sculptor, hands over the plaque to Mr. W. A. A. Pearson, on behalf of the Governor of St. Thomas's Hospital. St. Thomas's Hospital was very badly blitzed during the war, and repairs cannot be completed for some time. When they are done, the plaque, which has been designed and executed by the distinguished Manchester artist, Maurice Rottesman, will hang above the bed that has been endowed in the name of Sir Herbert Barker, the famous orthopædic specialist

MRS. JOHN G. WINANT JUDGING A WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER AT OLYMPIA: The wife of the former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's is an expert judge and herself a breeder. The first National Terrier Club's Championship Show since the war was held at Olympia recently, when 1,800 terriers of varying breeds came before the judges. Some of the dogs were valued at as much as £2,000. Mrs. J. G. Winant breeds West Highland terriers at her kennels in America

The Tide of Life Slowly Returns to HIROSHIMA

Nearly Two Years After the Atom Bomb

On August 6, 1945, the first atomic bomb used in warfare was dropped upon Hiroshima, a Japanese seaport city of over 340,000 inhabitants. On that fatal day, on which the Japanese Empire quailed and crumbled, Hiroshima was 60 per cent. obliterated. Of its 6·9 square miles of area, only 2·8 square miles survived. In the two intervening years, a little has been done to rebuild the shattered area, and the contrasting pictures on these pages evidence what has been achieved as the tide of life has slowly returned. It was estimated that 80,000 people lost their lives at Hiroshima, while at neighbouring Nagasaki about 40,000 were killed out of 260,000

A GREAT CITY LAID WASTE : The commercial heart of Hiroshima as it appeared after the atom bomb had spread ruin and destruction. After the bomb had dropped, Hiroshima had the appearance of a city consumed by fire.

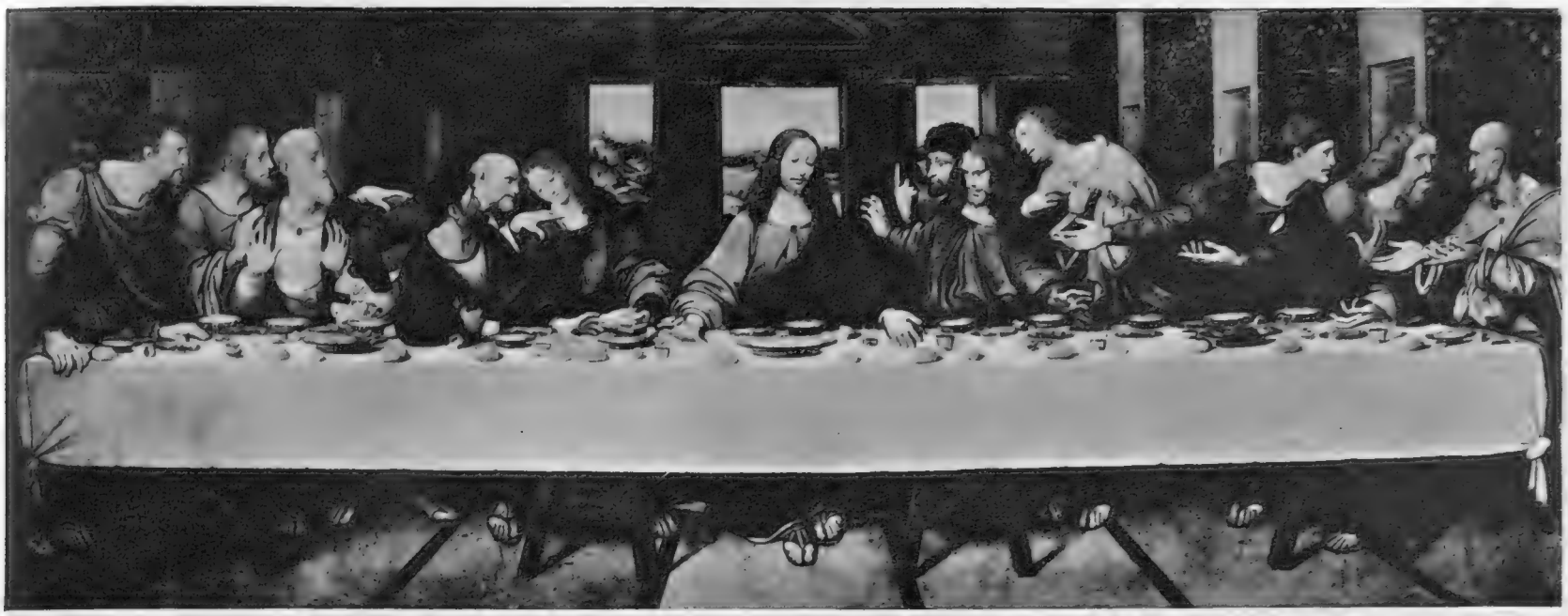
A LONE SURVIVOR AMID THE DESOLATION OF HIROSHIMA : The gutted but erect building of the Chuguko Press stands in Hiroshima's main street. Amid the surrounding ruins there has now risen a shanty town

THE MAIN STREET OF HIROSHIMA AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY : An overhead view of the city, showing the makeshift degree of reconstruction which has been achieved, largely in the past twelve months. This picture was made from the roof of the shattered Fukuya department store, and it shows in the centre the partly-damaged building of the Chuguko Press, the walls of which withstood the blast of the atomic bomb

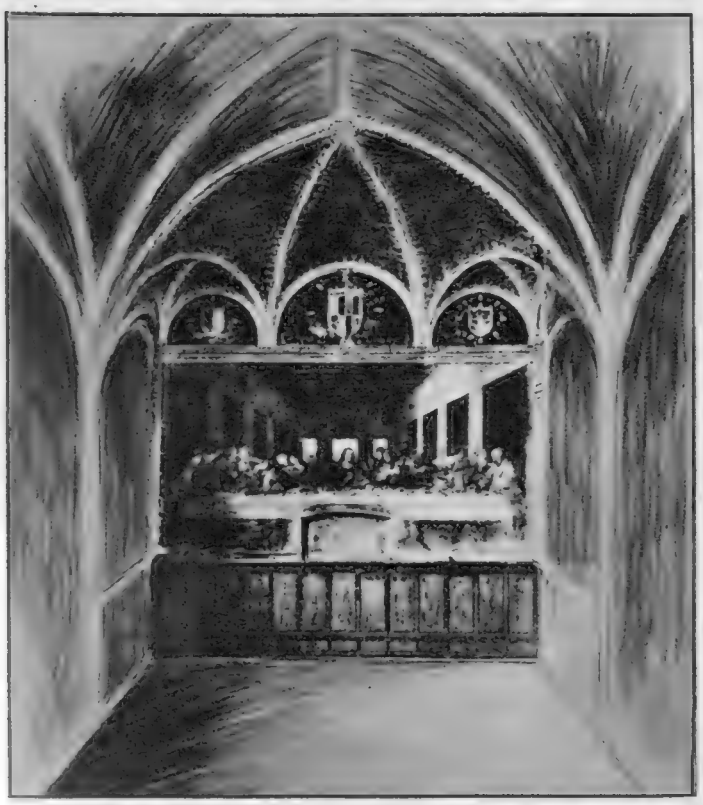
THE WESTERN SECTION OF HIROSHIMA WHERE IT FRINGES JAPAN'S INLAND SEA : An overhead view, showing some of the many shanties and small houses which have lately been re-erected. In the middle distance a vast area remains as waste ground, and away beyond are commercial buildings near the docks

SIX HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE CENTRE OF DESTRUCTION : This is the No Bo Ri Cho Catholic Mission and Church which has been completely rebuilt since the Hiroshima disaster. The original blue-prints were used, and the building appears exactly as it did before the city was consumed on that fatal day in August 1945

A PERMANENT HOUSE NEARS COMPLETION : A building of cement and wood construction being erected in what was once the residential area of Hiroshima. Japan has a great shortage of cement



THE FINEST EXISTING COPY OF LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER": This picture, in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, was painted by d'Oggionno, one of the chief pupils of Leonardo, and it is almost contemporaneous with the celebrated original. The original, in the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, has suffered from a slow but continuous process of deterioration, and as a result of the bombing of the refectory during the war the fresco, although intact, has been further exposed. A special commission of experts has been deliberating in Milan on the best means of preserving the masterpiece



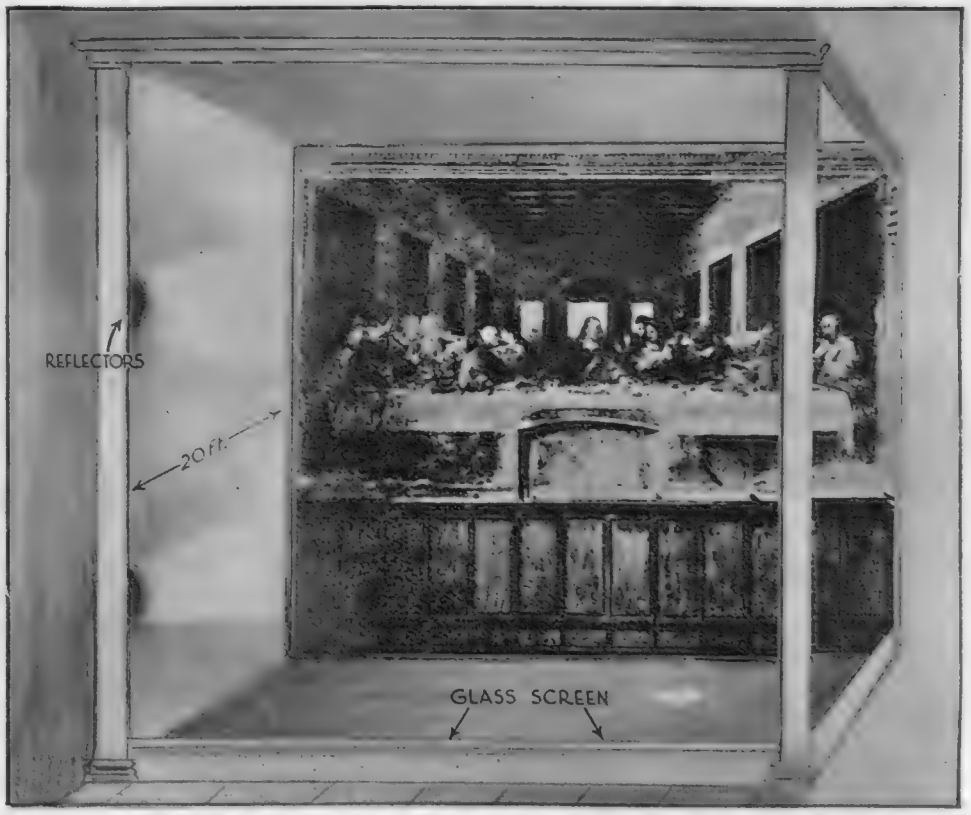
AN OBJECT OF WORLD PILGRIMAGE—THE "LAST SUPPER" AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE BOMBING: Leonardo's picture adorning one wall of the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan. The refectory was bombed in August 1943, and one wall and the roof were damaged, thus exposing the picture to the elements and hastening its deterioration

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MASTERPIECES WHICH CAME WITHIN AN ACE OF DESTRUCTION: An artist's impression of the refectory at Milan after it had received a hit from a high-explosive bomb in August 1943. A protective covering was at once placed over the fresco of Leonardo's "Last Supper," but this did not stop the process of deterioration

PRESERVING LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER"

The Masterpiece in Danger of Further Deterioration

When Leonardo da Vinci painted the "Last Supper" in the Refectory of Santa Maria at Milan, he worked in oil on a prepared surface, but some error in the composition of the plaster caused the work to deteriorate with rapidity, and, even by the middle of the sixteenth century, it was described as half-ruined. Through the centuries damp has been its enemy, and since 1943, when the refectory was bombed, deterioration has increased. A special commission of experts, formed in Milan under the supervision of the Italian Ministry of Education and presided over by the Director of the Central Institute of Restoration Works, has just ended its exhaustive examination of the problem of the Leonardo masterpiece. Many projects were discussed. Finally, it was agreed to protect the work by isolating it in a sort of airtight room, the front wall of which, situated at about 20 ft. from the painting, will consist of a huge pane of glass through which the visitors will be able to admire—with the aid of special reflectors—Leonardo's masterpiece. Inside the protective room the temperature will be kept even, and dampness will be regulated and controlled by technical means. This is, however, considered to be only a temporary solution. Seven years of studies and experiments have convinced the experts that the only means to solve definitely the problem of the "Last Supper's" survival would be to remove the painting from the wall now supporting it. Such an operation is not without risk, but there are some successful precedents, such as those of Pier della Francesca's fresco at Rimini, and of one of Giotto's frescoes in the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua, which was removed at the beginning of the war and has now been safely replaced



A TEMPORARY SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE DETERIORATING MASTERPIECE: It is proposed that the "Last Supper" fresco should be isolated in an airtight compartment, the glass front wall of which should be situated 20 ft. in front of the painting

BOOK PRICES AT A NEW PEAK

The Demand for Fine Editions and Fine Bindings is Higher Than Ever

By CHARLES GRAVES

THERE are sales of fine books and first editions almost every day of the week up to the end of the month at Sotheby's. Moreover, the prices have settled at one of the highest points ever reached. These two facts are a pointer to the disturbed international situation and the inflation at home. Many people have discovered that really fine books drop in price less than stocks and shares, and that as a lock-up investment fine books are distinctly profitable.

Any tolerably good library is bound to increase in value to a substantial degree after thirty or forty years, and even over a short period of years an intelligent collector can make a considerable sum of money. Thus, Gould's books on birds, which could be bought for about fifty pounds before the war, now fetch hundreds. The reverse, of course, can take place. A first edition of Dickens is worth less to-day than it was before the war. The reason for this is that the values of fine books alter slowly but surely according to the change of taste of the average man.

The average man to-day is not so classically minded as his father or grandfather; his tastes run more to science and thought. The result is that, generally speaking, it is the subjects rather than the authors which are most in demand to-day.

All the "foundation" books of science, thought, medicine and religion are eagerly sought, thus Gilbert's *De Magnete*, published in 1600, easily fetches £150. This was the first great scientific book published in England. Robert Boyle's *Sceptical Chymist* fetches £200; the first Coverdale Bible is worth £2,000; likewise the "He" issue of the first edition of the authorised Bible published in 1611 has sold for about the same amount. Early medical books, like Harvey's *De Motu Cordis*, published at Frankfort in 1628, is worth £600 or £700.

Early nineteenth-century books with coloured plates are also having a very considerable vogue, whether they are to do with birds, flowers, sports, or animals. Audubon's *Birds of America*, in four elephantine volumes, is worth in the neighbourhood of £4,000; Buffon's *Oiseaux*, in ten volumes, is worth £500; Alken's *National British Sports* recently sold for £680.

Early atlases are also fetching high prices. Those of the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English cartographers, Saxton and Speed, fetch several hundred pounds. The early Ptolemy atlases, published on the Continent in the fifteenth century, will fetch as much as £1,000. The demand for early maps was fostered by United States officers who came to London during the war. Since then, Brazilians, Argentinians, and other wealthy South Americans have been buying early books, particularly those relating to their own countries.

Quite apart from the contents, however, books with fine bindings are fetching higher and higher prices, particularly those published in France during the eighteenth century. The theological treatises and sermons may be as dull as ditchwater, but books tooled by Samuel Mearne at the end of the seventeenth century, and Roger Payne at the end of the eighteenth century, are very much in demand—to enumerate only two English craftsmen. Only a few days ago an example of Roger Payne's work was sold at Sotheby's for £1,350. The interesting part of this sale was that, inserted in the book, was the original binder's bill for £2 12s. 6d. Morocco-bound (as opposed to calf-bound) eighteenth-century French bindings have also risen in price. How on earth French dealers and French collectors can produce the English currency to pay these prices is a mystery.

Early illuminated manuscripts are also fetching high prices. Mr. Kenneth Maggs showed me a French fifteenth-century book of prayer (*Livre d'Heures*), which cost him £300, although he admitted that he would gladly pay a far higher figure for a similar book of finer quality. The top price ever paid for anything of this sort—indeed, for any manuscript or printed book—was the £100,000 paid by the British Museum to the Russian Government for the Codex Sinaiticus, a sale which was negotiated by the Maggs Brothers.

Apart from these exceptional prices, the real change in book-collecting is to be found in the fact that the iron curtain between art-collecting and book-collecting no longer exists. Beautifully produced books are being bought as objets d'art. On the other hand, belles lettres are no longer bought as such; nor is the average collector interested, to the same degree as his predecessor, in the intricacies of first editions.

The great books of literature, of course, will always command big prices. A first edition of Gray's *Elegy* is worth four figures; so is the first issue of the first edition of *Gulliver's Travels*. A first edition of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (published at Louvain) will fetch £500. A fine copy of the first folio of Shakespeare's works should find a buyer at £10,000.

Not surprisingly, fine books command higher prices in France and lower prices in the United States than in England. The reason is, of course, the state of inflation in the two countries. True, Dr. Rosenbach, who has not been to England since before World War II., paid something like £35,000 for the Bay Psalm Book, published in 1640—£5,000 more than the Maggs Brothers paid for a Gutenberg Bible recently. But that is an exception to the rule.

To collect nineteenth- and twentieth-century authors is somewhat of a gamble. With the exception of Waverley in its original boards, uncut, which is worth £100, none of the first editions of Sir Walter Scott's novels have much value. The *Pickwick Papers* in their original parts once fetched £900, but it is improbable that they will do so again. Just after World War I. there was a fashion for collecting H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie. The first editions of these authors are now worth only a fraction of what they were worth twenty years ago. Ruskin is scarcely collected at all; Hugh Walpole and Somerset Maugham are coming slowly up; Rider Haggard is coming back to favour—up to a point; Rudyard Kipling and R. L. Stevenson are holding their own. The registered sales of Lawrence of Arabia's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* are an excellent barometer of the ups and downs to the value of modern authors' books. In December 1926 one copy fetched £570; the next went for £480; the third at £400; the fourth for £350; the fifth and sixth for £250; the seventh for £150; the eighth (in 1933) for £100 only. After Lawrence's death in a motor-bicycle accident, the price rose to £200. The two most recent copies sold fetched £420 and £350 respectively. Incidentally, Lawrence's book *The Mint* which, by the author's expressed wish, was not to be published before 1950 is, apparently, of so broad a character (it gives an unvarnished account of his life in the ranks), that it is unlikely to be published except in a private edition.

To revert to bindings, as much as £400 has been recently paid for an embroidered velvet-bound book—simply because it belonged to Prince Henry of Wales (brother to Charles I.), and had the three feathers embroidered on it. Normally, finely bound books only reach big prices if the tooling is really fine. The best of the present-day binders are Zaehnsdorf, Sangorski and Sutcliffe. Unfortunately, Riviere went out of business during World War II. and has not started up again. The scarcity of skilled craftsmen has made the production of fine bindings more difficult, and the cost of materials has greatly increased.

If, however, there is any doubt in anybody's mind about the commercial advantage of collecting books, one has only to look at the prices fetched at the Sotheby sale of the Dyson Perrin collection which fetched, in all, £148,000 during the four sales, which occurred at intervals between June 1946 and June 1947.

To sum up, anyone who is proposing to start collecting books seriously and for profit, and the chances seem to be sound enough, would be well advised to specialise in fine bindings and coloured plates rather than in engravings, and to collect authors judiciously because of the vagaries of price to which they are periodically exposed, although the books out of fashion to-day may become again the fashion of to-morrow.

THE MEN WHO WON THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: These four symbolic figures, representative of officers and N.C.O.s who took part in the historic Battle, adorn the memorial window which Hugh Easton has designed for the Battle of Britain Memorial Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and which the King unveiled last week. Easton toured the Fighter Stations for his models, capturing from each an expression which he felt typified the men who achieved the victory of 1940

Hugh Easton, whose Battle of Britain memorial window has just been unveiled by the King, is undoubtedly our greatest living artist in stained glass. He was educated at Wellington College, and as a young man studied art in France and Italy. His chief works to date are the American memorial to King George V and the Coronation windows in Winchester Cathedral. He has also done windows for the cathedrals of Ypres, Durham, Canterbury, Exeter, Ely and Aklavik. Clare College, Cambridge, and Clifton College Chapel also have fine examples of his craftsmanship. The aim of the artist in designing the memorial window has been "to create in glass a jewelled curtain of such brilliance as to be a translucent painting, a fresco shot through by flames, taking its place in the richness of Henry VII's Chapel." Each light tells the story of the Battle, having its own individual meaning. Throughout the background of the window flows a rose-tree. Branches grow from the tree, encircling the Squadron badges and enframing the figures.

HUGH EASTON IN HIS LONDON STUDIO: The artist who designed the Battle of Britain window in the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey. When Mr. Easton was commissioned to do the work he was in the Navy

TOPICAL PLAYS and a PERIOD FILM

PLAYING HIMSELF IN AN IVOR NOVELLO COMEDY: Peter Daubeny rehearsing with Phyllis Monkman before he took over Anthony Forwood's part in "We Proudly Present," at the Duke of York's Theatre. Ivor Novello's new comedy about two young ex-Servicemen who go into theatrical management was based on the story of Peter Daubeny, who now plays the part of the one-armed ex-Guards officer. The plot is no more than a framework for a sightseeing tour back-stage

A LOVELY VICTORIAN LADY: Doreen Dawe wearing one of the beautiful costumes which Cecil Beaton designed for the film of "An Ideal Husband." Sir Alexander Korda's film of Oscar Wilde's play, *An Ideal Husband*, has just been completed at Shepperton. For one of the scenes a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards was used, the horses being taken down in horse-boxes and the men by motor-coach. The film is rich in star names, and three—Paulette Goddard, Constance Collier and Sir Aubrey Smith—came from Hollywood to play the parts of Mrs. Cheveley, Lady Markby and Lord Caversham. The star system is presumably the excuse for giving the leading part in so essentially English a comedy of manners to an American actress, but Diana Wynyard has been cast in the role of Lady Chiltern. The "ideal husband" is Hugh Williams

O.C. THE DETACHMENT OF ROYAL HORSE GUARDS: Major Murray Smith, wearing a handle-bar moustache

AN AMERICAN STAGE AND FILM STAR IN "THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE": Margaret Sullavan as she appeared in the American production in the part which she now plays at the Piccadilly Theatre. John Van Druten's play has been a record-breaker in America and is in its fifth year. The comedy has only three characters and, of these, one is a comparatively minor part. The two principals have the stage to themselves during the greater part of the three acts, which tell the story of a week-end in New York spent (with a proper observance of the proprieties, if not of the conventions) by an American soldier in the flat of a young actress

"SPIVS" IN SHAFTESBURY AVENUE: Two scenes from Richard Llewellyn's latest play, "Noose," at the Saville Theatre. *On the left*, Sugiani (Charles Goldner), the gang leader, tells his "spiv" assistant, Bar Gorman (Nigel Patrick), that he is going to beat up the girl journalist, whose newspaper articles have exposed his racketeering. The club commissionaire is played by Alan John. *On the right*, Bar Gorman confronts the journalist, Linda Medbury (Patricia Hilliard), and finds in her flat Annie Fogg (Elaine Garreau), the prostitute, who has been giving her the "dope" about Sugiani. Richard Llewellyn, author of *How Green Was My Valley*, and the play about an anonymous letter-writer, *Poison Pen*, is responsible for this topical drama of vice in the West End of London. His hero, fiancé of the girl journalist, forms a gang of his ex-Service comrades and finally defeats the "spivs" and their leader

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MR. BROGAN TRIES HIS HAND AS A PAMPHLETEER

Two Writers, from Entirely Opposite Angles, Give Their Views on the Enigma of Modern Russia

BROAD-SHEETS, in the form of political lampoons, used to be the favourite reading of our ancestors. With the growth of daily newspapers and their rising influence, these amusing tracts tended to disappear, and it is only comparatively recently that, discovering that influence to be waning, political pamphleteering has been revived. The pace was set by Mr. Gollancz's team of performing ancient Romans, and very effective they were too. Their efforts arrived hot from the press disguised as books in yellow jackets, and it has been claimed that they played no small part in the political turnover of 1945. Since then, the boys on the Right have been stirred to make an answer in kind, and the latest of these efforts is OUR NEW MASTERS, by Colm Brogan (Hollis and Carter. 8s. 6d.).

The jacket is designed to leave the reader in no doubt as to who these new masters may be, for it is decorated with the most unflattering portraits of Mr. Attlee, Mr. Ernest Bevin, Dr. Dalton and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Strachey and Mr. Aneurin Bevan—the latter looking as if he has been frightened by a bricklayer's labourer. That eminent dramatist Mr. James Bridie is quoted as saying: "I know of nobody now writing who can hold a candle to Mr. Brogan in the manner of urbane derision." But derision, whether urbane or not, is hardly enough, and I would like to add that Mr. Brogan is also witty, subtle and erudite.

In the matter of these "masters" he knows whereof he speaks. For instance, he develops a theme about Mr. Attlee which begins by handing him a bouquet for cleverly countering Mr. Churchill's famous "Gestapo" broadcast, and then proceeds to lead up to such statements as: "As a political thinker Mr. Attlee has been a fellow-traveller with the Communists for much more than half-way of their predictions." He says of Mr. Ernest Bevin: "There is something massive and simple-minded about the man which gives his vanity a child-like quality that is almost engaging. But people who will forgive a great deal to Mr. Bevin, will forgive nothing at all to Mr. Morrison, for they think that in Mr. Morrison there is more than vanity: there is arrogance."

Then again: "The country may not admire Mr. Shinwell, but the miners like him well enough, because they have him on toast. Similarly the building workers have Mr. Bevan on toast." And so it goes on, with such things as: "It cannot be said that Mr. Strachey's polish and debating power have done anything to improve the nation's food." Also that: "The blithe optimism that Dr. Dalton showed during the war is nervously remembered by business men who are now watching him manhandling the Budget," and "Sir Hartley [Shawcross] is the author of the most majestically insane pronouncement on a foreign problem which has come from any Socialist."

These are all very amusing squibs, but the sum total adds up to an indictment of the Labour Party which, Mr. Brogan declares roundly, is not yet fit to govern. He contends that for the past forty years Socialist propaganda has done great damage to the balance of the nation, both by sharpening and exploiting class differences for party ends, and by encouraging the voters to expect the impossible. In other words, he believes that the Labour Party has climbed to power on class warfare, and he also seems to think that on their unavoidable way out from power the said warfare is likely to be intensified. I said before that this was a skilful form of pamphleteering: it is not much more.

A MAN CALLED JONES (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is a detective story with a difference, and the difference is a beauty. Other thrillers may have humour, and sometimes do. Others may be almost too exciting to read late at night in an empty house. Others may be well constructed, and yet mystifying. But none that I have read, except this book of Mr. Julian Symons', has these qualities *and* a last chapter in which the detective, expounding his solution, sends his listeners into a sound sleep.

Don't mistake me; those necessary pages of elucidation often induce drowsiness in the reader, and especially in this reader. But for an author to recognise that sad fact and, while neatly tying up all the strands of his involved plot, as must be done by the conscientious writer, to forestall any criticism in this way, proves not only that he has wit. It proves that he is a master of his craft.

A hundred years ago, a French traveller in Russia was interested in a plant which the Russians call *klyukva*, a cranberry plant used in the manufacture of a popular drink. Klyukva grows on small, low bushes. But upon his return to France the explorer related how he drank tea with Russian grandees "under the shade of a majestic klyukva." His report provoked laughter in Russia, and the word "klyukva" came to be used as signifying a certain kind of ridiculous misinformation.

Dr. David Dallin holds that more "klyukva" is spoken and written about Russia than about any other country, and in his own book, THE REAL SOVIET RUSSIA (Hollis and Carter. 18s.), he gives examples of this, and protests against it. "No one," he maintains, "writes that Manchester is in Ireland, or Lyons in Belgium; that the Germans do not say 'ja,' but 'ja-ja-ja.' Careful verification of facts is obligatory for all other countries. Why is the exception made for Russia?"

Living in New York for the past seven years, Dr. Dallin was once a Member of the Moscow Soviet, from 1918 to 1921, though in the course of that period he was once arrested by the Soviet authorities. When he was again threatened with arrest in 1922, he moved to Germany, and eventually to America. His book, which claims to be soundly documented and as authoritative as its title indicates, leads to the conclusion that "a new class society has been created, no higher, morally or materially, than its historical predecessors."

Mr. John Lawrence's less-weighty LIFE IN RUSSIA (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is prefaced by Stalin's words: "Tell the truth about the Soviet Union. Russia is not perfect. There are many things I would like to see different. But if you tell the complete story I shall be satisfied."

Mr. Lawrence was Press attaché at our Embassy in Moscow and Kuibishev during most of the war. No background, therefore, could be more different from that of the preceding writer, and as a result, no two books could be more different from each other.

Mr. Lawrence's book is not primarily concerned with politics, it's main purpose is to give a picture of "the kitchen front, the queue and the domestic struggle of harassed people whose lives were often knocked sideways by the war. . . . The ordeals which the Russian people have gone through since 1914 are, in fact, more like one long war with one or two short armistices."

DAISY TAKES A TUB: This baby black-footed penguin has recently been born at the London Zoo. She is one of a batch of penguin chicks hatched successfully, and when this picture was taken she was exactly five weeks old and growing almost visibly day by day

BALBOA to MUSICK

The Story of Pacific Conquest, and Other Books Briefly Reviewed

When Vasco Nunez de Balboa, that roystering, ambitious and avaricious soldier of fortune, that prince of stowaways, set out for the New World, it was with the object of evading his debts in Spain. What he found was the Pacific Ocean and gold enough to pay off many times over the creditors he had left behind in Castile, Leon and Aragon. From the day in September 1513 when Balboa was the first European to set eyes upon the Pacific, silent upon that peak in Darien, the ocean became the haunt of adventurers and buccaneers, some good, some bad, and all of them cast in the heroic mould. In THE PACIFIC OCEAN (Museum Press. 18s.), Felix Riesenberg tells the story of those explorers, pirates, traders, fighters, writers, scientists, and latterly, fliers, who have swarmed across the Pacific in the course of four-and-a-half centuries. The bare facts alone make this an enthralling narrative, but Riesenberg, whose recent death creates such a grievous gap among the writing men of the sea, invests the story with the essential atmosphere of the Pacific; one, indeed, that could be conjured up only by a man who, under sail and steam, amid storm and thunder, had himself rounded the Horn, and, like Drake, Anson and Cook before him, savoured also the delight of sunlit anchorages in the kindly latitudes of Capricorn. Here, indeed, is adventure unalloyed, for the author takes little note of the deeper shadows cast across the Pacific by the civilisation of the West, but it is safe to say, few will cavil at Mr. Riesenberg's romantic manner of presentation. It is so completely in tune with the grandeur of the theme. The story begins with Balboa and Magellan, recounts the rise of the Spanish Dominion of the Sea and the coming of the Manilla galleons, and then, abruptly enough, Drake enters the Pacific and Spain's world begins to crumble. The final pages show that adventuring in the Pacific is no thing of the past as the author pays tribute to that master-mariner of the air, Captain Eddie Musick, who, on November 22, 1935, took the first Clipper across the Pacific to Honolulu, Midway, Wake, Guam and Manila Bay. It was the last conquest of the great ocean.

"History is never more valuable than when it enables us, standing on a height, to look beyond the smoke and turmoil of our petty quarrels, and to detect in the slow movements of the past the great permanent forces that are steadily bearing nations onwards to improvement or decay." Thus wrote William Lecky, distinguished among all historians for his lack of prejudice, and that despite the fact that he was an Irishman often writing about the vexed Irish question. Lecky, like Macaulay, brought forth his learning in graceful style, but his judgments were calmer and loftier than those of the grand but prejudiced Whig. This Olympian aspect of his character is brought out very clearly in A VICTORIAN HISTORIAN—PRIVATE LETTERS OF W. E. H. LECKY (Home and Van Thal. 6s.), edited by H. Montgomery Hyde. The letters, although few in number, are deeply interesting, the historian having something pertinent to say of a number of well-known figures of his day. Gladstone certainly did not impress Lecky, who declared: "His talking is always interesting from the number of facts and well-turned sentences, but it is exactly like a speech.... He very rarely says anything one remembers."

BROWNS OF CHESTER (Lindsay Drummond. 15s.) is the story of a celebrated North Country store between the years 1780 and 1946. It has been prepared by "Mass-Observation," an independent fact-finding body under the editorship of H. D. Willcock, who, we are told, has "a team of trained, whole-time objective investigators and a nation-wide panel of voluntary informants." This is rather a mouthful, and as for the objective investigators and the voluntary informants, their names alone send tremors down the spine. On closer acquaintance, however, this portrait of a shop, a typical family business, makes instructive reading. The shop's story is set against the well-documented social history of the times. We see in detail the struggle for commercial survival; how through three centuries business men and women adapted themselves to changing conditions. This is an unquestioned success story with lessons to offer, and it is very much more than a mere footnote to the industrial history of England.

The journalist more often than not works under pressure, writing essentially for the moment at hand. He or she seldom wants to see again these ephemeral outpourings. Miss C. A. Lejeune admits she is of that number, but she has not resisted the temptation of allowing some of her reviews and film articles, printed in the *Observer* over a period of ten years, to be reprinted under the title, CHESTNUTS IN HER LAP (Phœnix House. 10s. 6d.). With this parade of the past Miss Lejeune presents a sitting target for all film-lovers. They will most likely turn to her reviews of their favourite pictures of the past decade, seeking inadequacy in the measure of Miss Lejeune's appreciation or, conversely, marvelling upon her leniency regarding pictures they had condemned. That they will enjoy themselves in doing so is beyond doubt.

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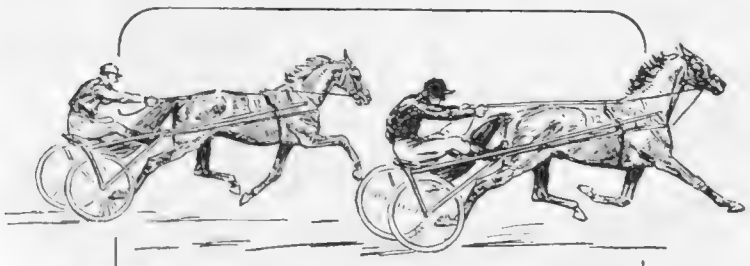

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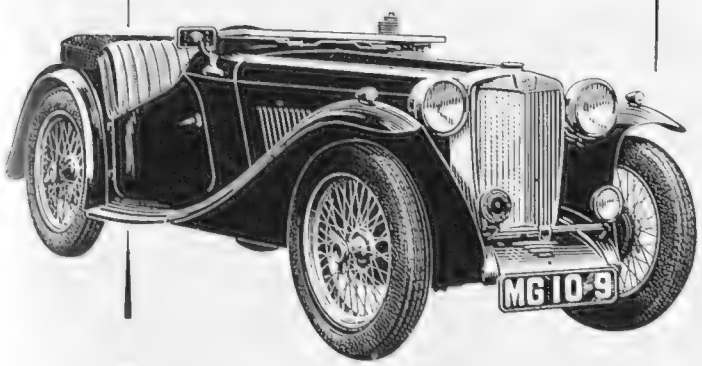

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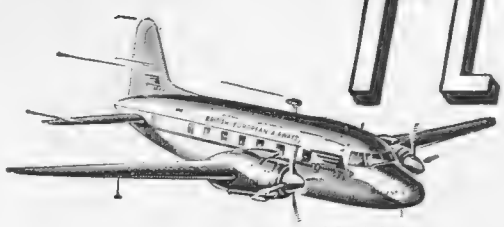

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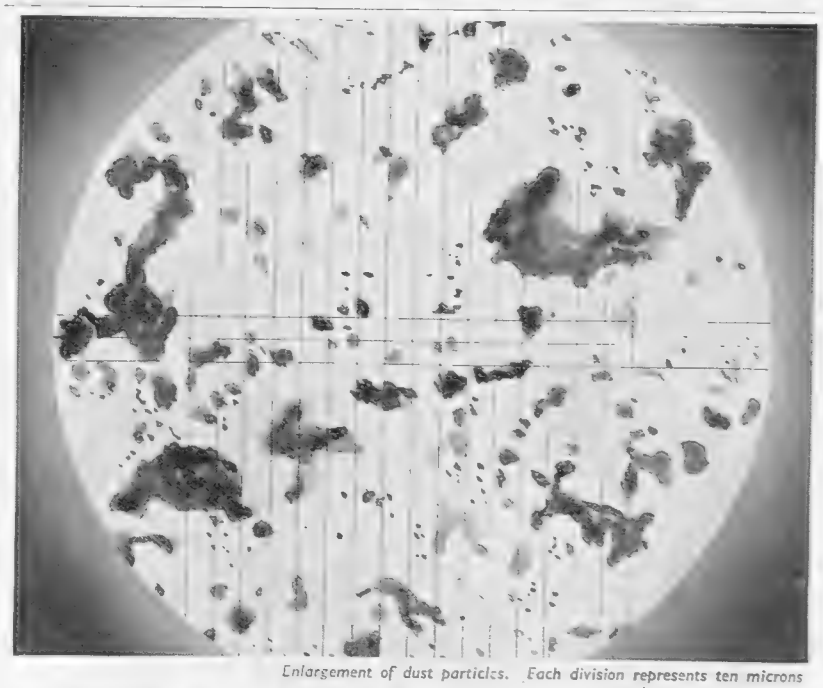

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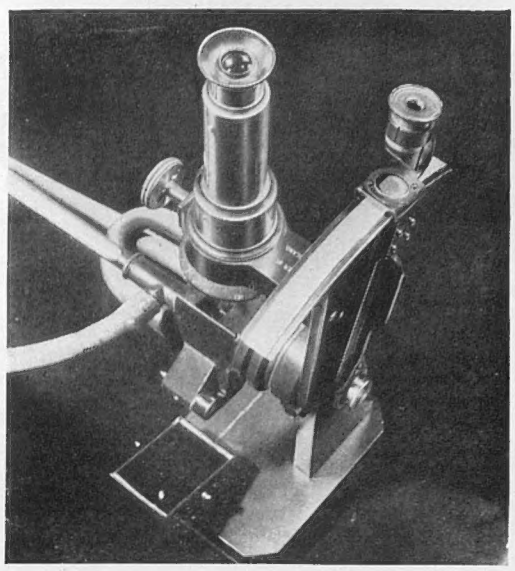

Crooked Sticks

This is a refractometer. Thrust a straight stick into water and it appears bent. Something really is bent, but it is not the stick. It is the light rays reflected from the part of the stick under water. When light rays leave the surface of water, or any other transparent liquid, they bend at an angle which differs for various liquids. The amount of bending is known as the " refractive index " and can be measured by means of the refractometer. The refractive indices of nearly all pure transparent liquids are accurately known, but the presence of any impurity alters them. Because it quickly detects these alterations, the refractometer affords a reliable method of testing for purity. If the liquid under examination is known to be pure, the instrument can be used just as easily to discover or confirm its identity. The refractometer is widely used in the chemical industry whenever transparent liquids are concerned. Explosives, for instance, are largely made from the colourless transparent substances toluene, glycerol and acetone. The refractometer, by making possible rapid and accurate testing, enables the British chemical industry to maintain the highest standards in the materials it produces for the service of the community.

ICI

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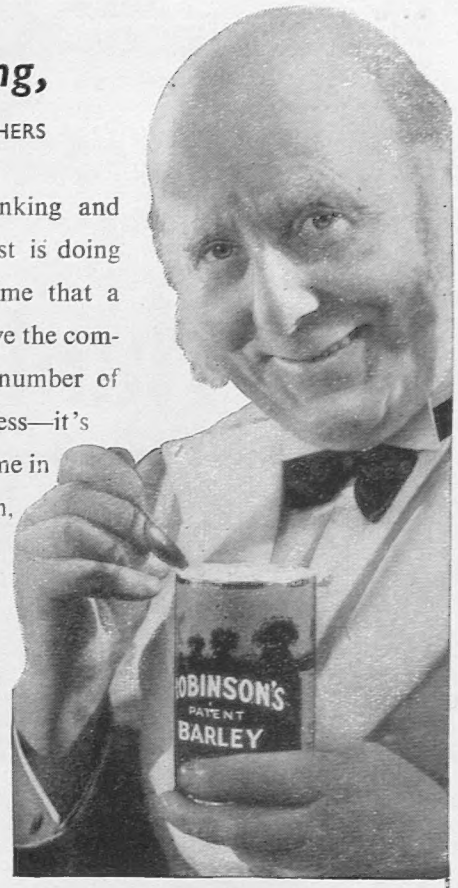

the barley water you're drinking and enjoying to quench your thirst is doing you good. And ladies tell me that a regular course of it will improve the complexion. Then think of the number of times the doctors order it in illness—it's a wise plan always to have some in the house. Bless my soul, madam, that didn't come out of a bottle, I made it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in tins—just as simply as a pot of tea. And I'll go on making it until the bottled kind comes back again. Then I'll let Robinson's do it.

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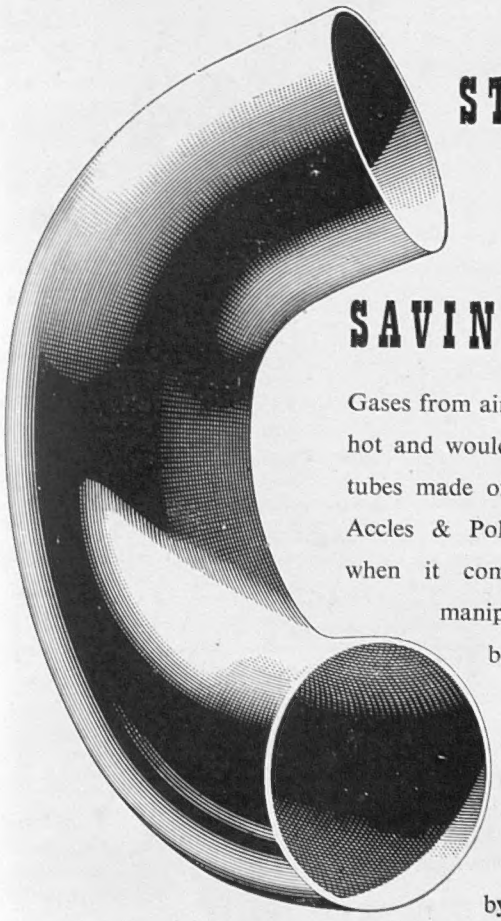

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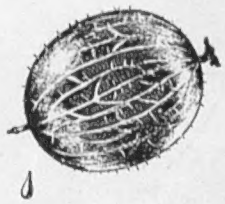

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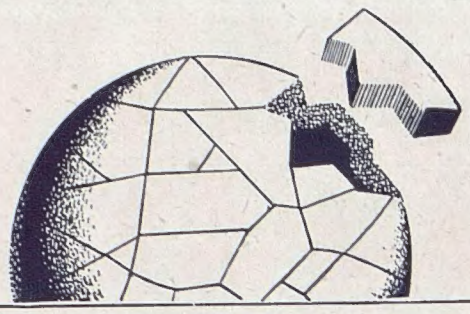

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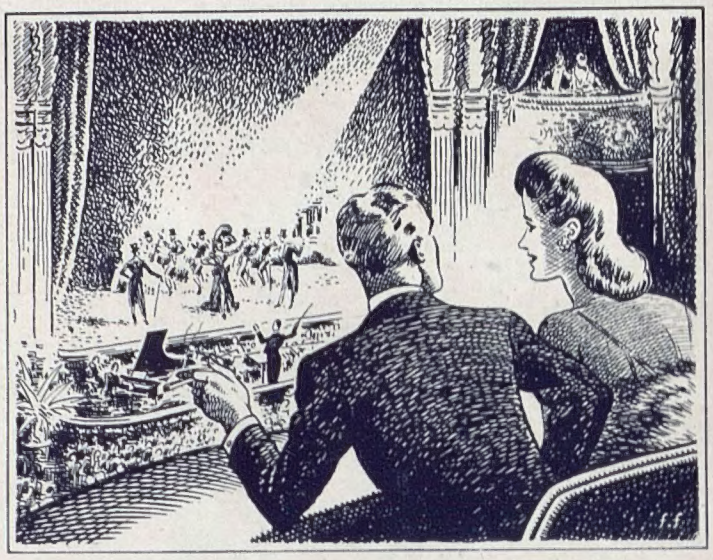

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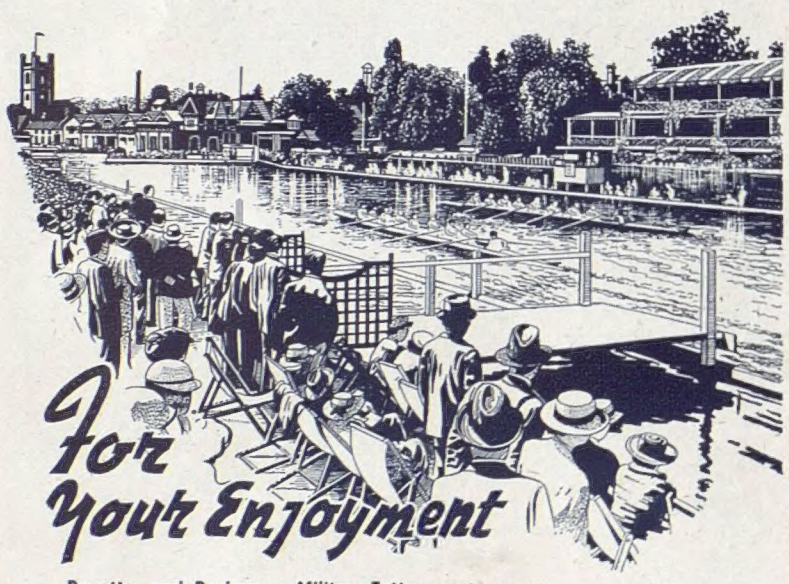

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